

# VOGUE

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THE  
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TAILORING  
NOW...  
PRECIOUS  
AND  
DOUBLE-  
FACED



BARBRA STREISAND  
AT THE PARIS  
COLLECTIONS

INTERNATIONAL  
BEAUTY NOTES



# If you're going to be a blonde, be a good one.



Only Clairol® Creme Toner\* gives you 32 pale, delicate shades to choose from. Only Clairol Creme Toner makes lightened hair exactly the color you want it to be. And the color lasts. Why fool around with anything else?



## Clairol Creme Toner





Leslie Morris  
Designed this  
city costuming  
in navy blue  
wool tweed  
over a curve  
of lively pink  
textured  
silk

Exclusive in our Made-to-Order Collection  
on the Second Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK  
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GOODMAN**  
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET





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worships the ground  
you walk on.

That's why he makes some of the world's most beautiful shoes  
Dominic Romano Shoes and Handbags



# VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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AVEDON

COVER: A bloom for Barbra—super-star Streisand, nibbling spring's first daffodil. Super Streisand tv—the Chemstrand show, "Color Me Barbra," set for March 30. She wears here a soft float of silk jersey swirled with daffodil yellow, green, lavender. Geometrics at her ear: right angles and green plastic squares. More about Barbra on page 66. Dress by Ken Scott. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings designed by Jacques Gautier; made in America by Coro. At Bonwit Teller. Coiffure by Frederick Glaser.

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# JOLIE MADAME



'Jolie Madame' Spray Mist  
now in a jewel of a  
smoked-glass flacon, with the  
faceted look of precious crystal.

# BALMAIN

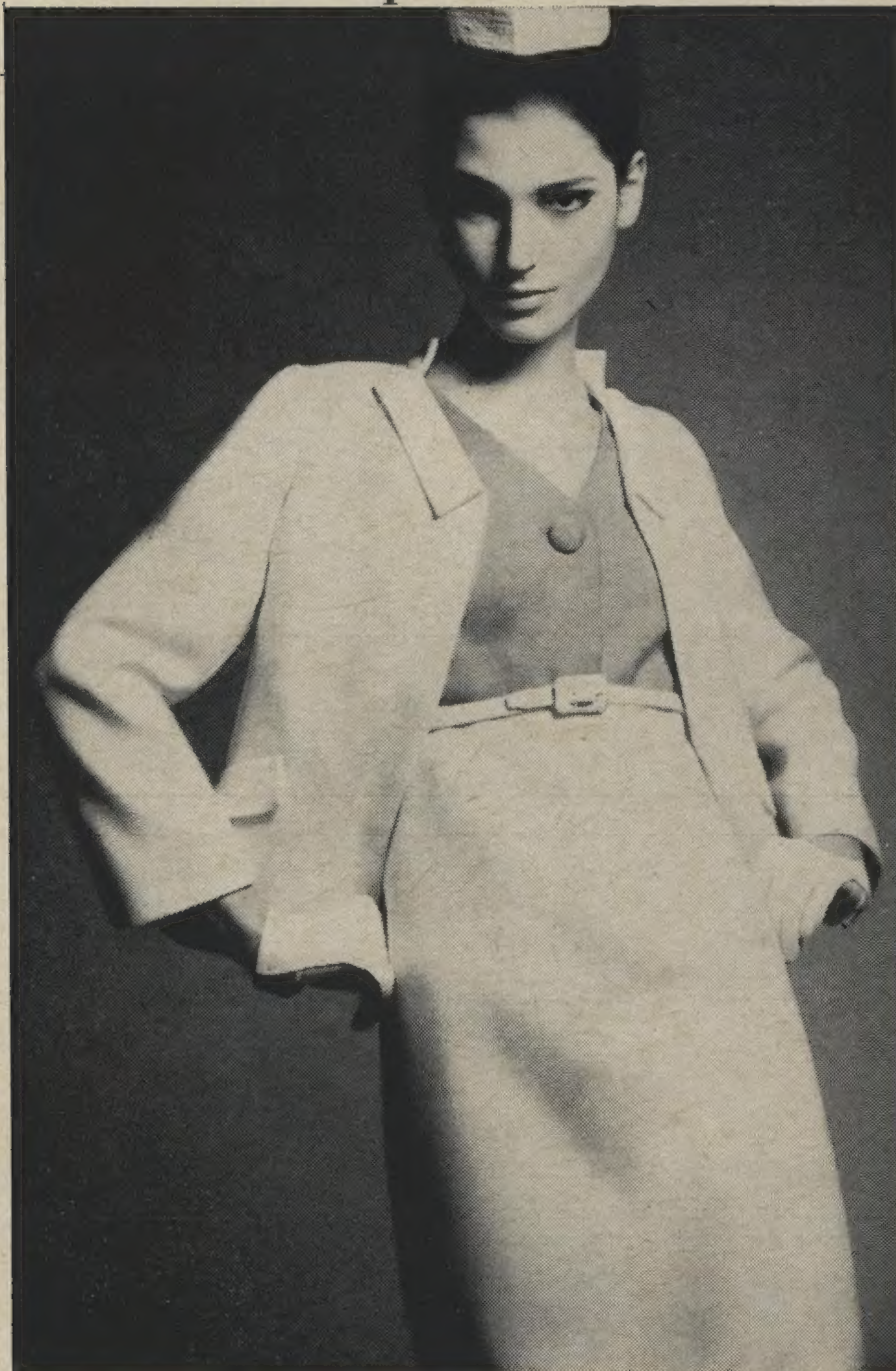


The most sophisticated  
fragrance in all Paris

SPRAY MIST MADE IN U.S.A.



## The Great Impression...



### Marquise makes it with Arnel.

The new sensation of spring in a crisp white pettipoint. Cohama's textured fabric of Arnel triacetate and rayon designed by Christian Mann for Marquise.

Handsome in white and raspberry or gray and white. 8-16. About \$145.

At B. Altman & Co., New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Montaldo's — all stores, Doop's, East Orange & Short Hills; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth.

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A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER



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Gaming-chip buttons tab our small-sleeved  
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camel or black, \$100. Dress Collections.



*Max Factor promises the most  
exciting beauty illusion of our time:  
The Eternally Younger Face*





# *...Introducing Geminesse*

*More than superb new skin care, going beyond all luxury make-ups, Geminesse is the first complete beauty collection created from the concept of Total Moisture...*

**THIS IS GEMINESSE:** A myriad of emollients and moisturizers that both resist moisture loss and restore your skin's own lubricating powers...Geminesse actually helps your skin to help itself. The heart of your Geminesse regimen is **BEAUTY CREAM**...a rich sheltering night cream, steeped in nourishing moisturizers. With infinite gentleness, **BEAUTY CLEANSER** gives your skin a thorough cleansing. **TONING LOTION**, refines and freshens with non-drying stimulation. Then there is the **MOISTURIZER**, a gossamer guardian angel against your skin's moisture loss, and it creates a silken surface for Geminesse make-ups.

Geminesse Make-Ups are light-reactive and versatile. While other make-ups only make you up...Geminesse makes you over. For an ultra sheer foundation, use **FLUID MAKE-UP**, a delicate balance of

light and moisturized color. You highlight, shadow, and blend...to perfect (or correct) your features with **CONTOUR SUPREME**, a trio of subtle creams, with an outline and fill-in brush. Delight in the joy of *five* Geminesse light-reflective pressed powders with **POWDER EXTRAVAGANZA**, your kit of contouring colors...with two brushes. And finally, **FINISHING POWDER**, an

incredibly fine light-reflective powder. With regular use of these make-ups, Geminesse creates the new cosmetic art...and you create the illusion of the Eternally Younger Face.

**INTRODUCTORY SIZE OF BEAUTY CREAM.** *As your introduction to the world of Geminesse, and for a limited time only, Geminesse Beauty Cream is available in a 1 ounce Debut Size, for 3.50...at only the finest stores.*



## *Geminesse by Max Factor*





# TABU

the 'forbidden' fragrance



*Dance*

PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP





*jewels by Laykin et Cie*

*photograph by John Engstead*

this skimming silk chiffon sheath is shadowed by a floating panel that breaks into ripples at the slightest stir... an after-dark dress in a ravishing palette of prints designed by Rosalie Macrini exclusively for

**I. MAGNIN & co**

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, PALO ALTO, SANTA CLARA, SAN MATEO, CARMEL, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, BEVERLY HILLS, PASADENA, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA ANA, LA JOLLA, PHOENIX





## Chameleon Lipstick. What will Fabergé think of next?

Never-ever-before *Chameleon* is so beautiful, you'd never guess what goes on while it's looking so lovely on your lips. On your lips, it's a tawny rosy glow that, like magic, accommodates itself to your own ever-variable skin tones!

Named after that enchanted little changeling lizard, *Chameleon* lipstick is much *more* than an incredibly compatible new colour. It's *protective* colouration, wonderfully waterproof and scientifically formulated to screen out harmful sun rays, counteract chapping, keep your lips sweet and juicy – no matter where, no matter when, no matter weather. Obviously, its appeal is element-ary.

Skiiers, swimmers, sun-lovers, all you outdoor people – rejoice! Here comes *Chameleon* – lipstick *pour le sport*... pure shimmer or frosted with silicones, by none other than

**Fabergé**





*The enchantment of spring,  
beauty that will never fade*

**VAN CLEEF & ARPELS**  
*World-Famous French Jewelers*

*Designs © Actual size.*

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON • PALM BEACH • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE • GENEVA





Is that tiny laugh line he loves...a wrinkle?



**Satura...the sooner the better!**

Now, complete Satura skin care to counteract dryness,  
tiny wrinkles... replenish moisture for a smoother, younger look.  
New Satura cleanser, new freshener plus DG's famous moisture cream  
protect as well as correct! **Dorothy Gray did it!**





Front: 1966 Sedan de Ville; rear, 1964 Sedan de Ville

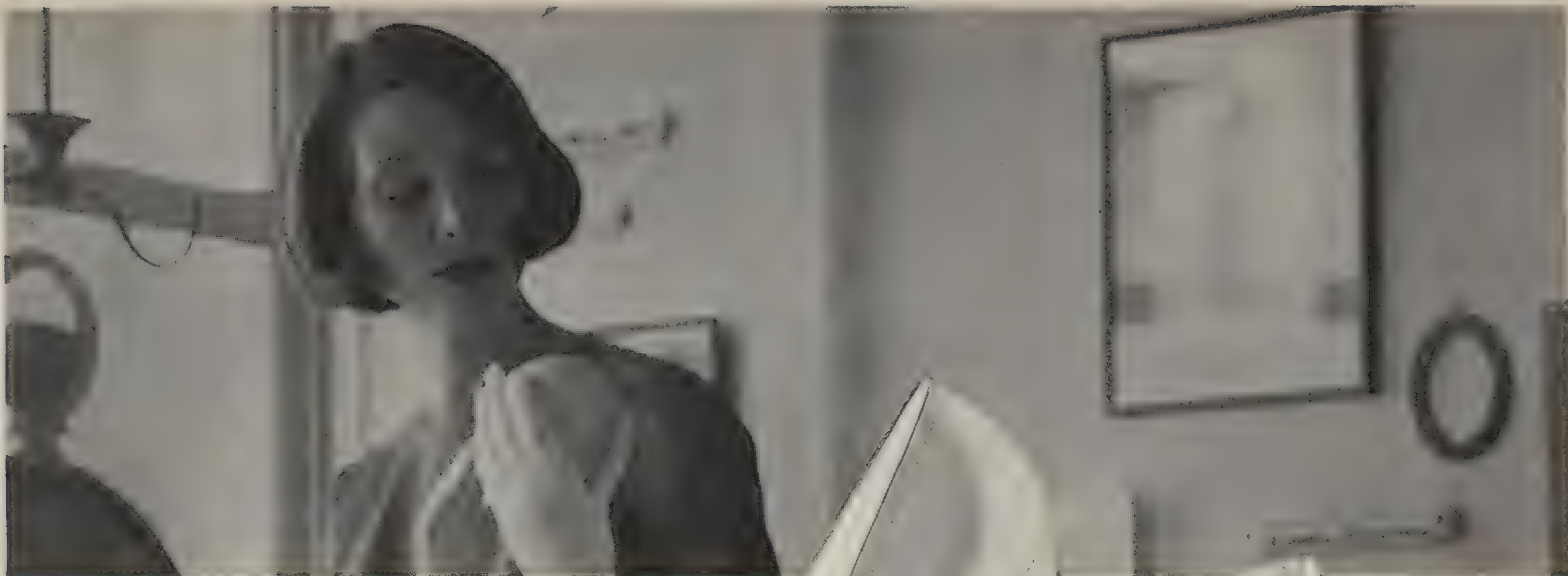
**THE FINEST NEW CAR MAKES THE FINEST USED CAR.** Once again the great new Cadillac car has established itself as the most desired of all in this new year of automobiles. And years hence it will still be the overwhelming favorite. For the 1966 Cadillac's undeniable leadership in comfort, performance, and engineering is not merely a short-term advantage. Ask any Cadillac owner of long standing how well his Cadillac holds its value over the years. And you'll realize why, model after model, he returns so loyally to the newest version of the Standard of the World.

Standard of the World



*Cadillac*





**If you can find a shoe  
that fits better than these  
it probably is custom-made.**

Selby discovered a way of making these smart pumps fit as if they were made to measure. How? With a special top that clings to your foot and gives, bends and flexes when you do. Ends slipping and gapping. Your custom-like fit is ready now in (left to right) Perfect Lady, Total Look, Perfection. About \$17 to \$19. Slightly higher in the West.

For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. V-36-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.





# THE ELEGANCE OF COTTON

AS EXPRESSED BY MOLLY OF JACK SARNOFF  
Cotton—rich, textured cotton  
carved like a frieze. Sculptured by a  
master into a suit that graces the  
scene, whatever the scene.

Distinguished, elegant. Destined to  
make this the spring you remember.

NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL,

BOX 12285, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.








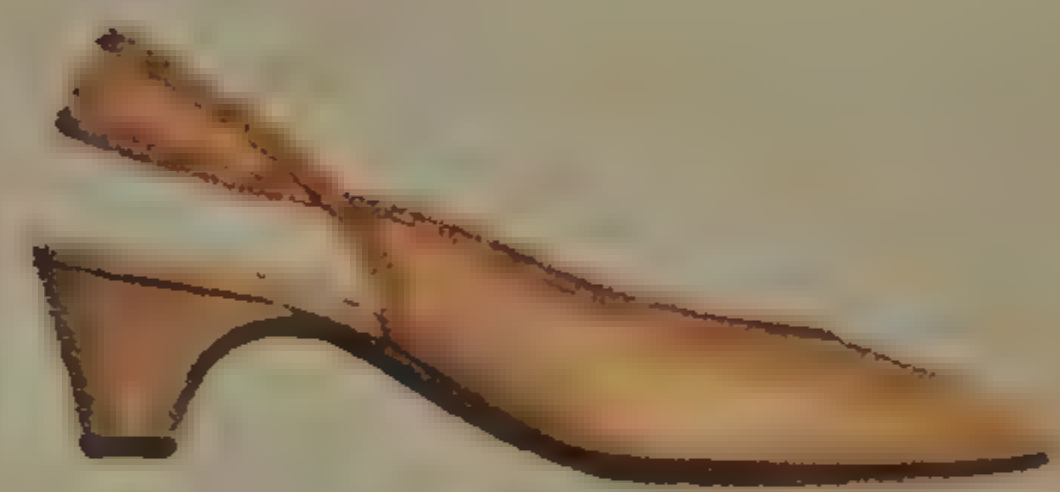
The hallmark of genuine leather







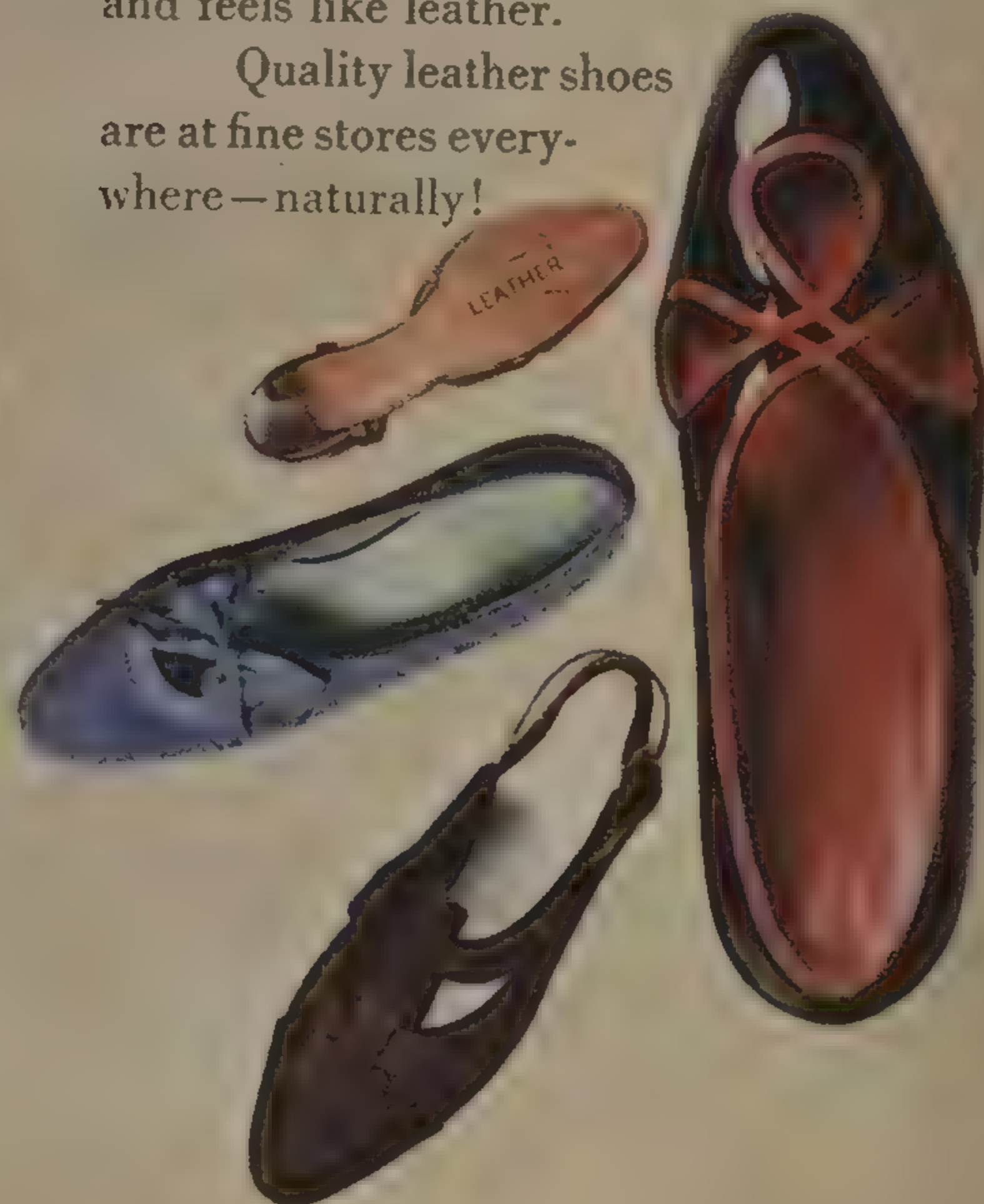
# Natural skin cannot be duplicated.



Chemistry cannot duplicate the natural beauties of leather.

Only leather molds to your feet for perfect fit. Only leather flexes naturally for lasting comfort. Only leather breathes naturally for cool, dry, all-weather wear—because only leather has natural pores, just like your skin. And only leather looks and feels like leather.

Quality leather shoes are at fine stores everywhere—naturally!



Leather Industries of America



# When the delivery boy begins calling you "M'am" instead of "Miss."



Take action with a simple skin plan designed expressly for the "almost young" woman.

*What to do about wrinkles besides face them.* This plan does everything about wrinkles. Begins by catching "laugh lines" before they deepen into something you could cry over, but, more important, it puts to work a formula expressly created to undo what going through the thirties does to skin.

*You're the upstairs maid, chauffeur and troop leader, or a rising executary.* Because you have something to do besides pursue elaborate beauty rituals, Jacqueline Cochran has concentrated in one, simple to use, rich-as-country-cream liquid all that thirtyish" skin needs and craves.

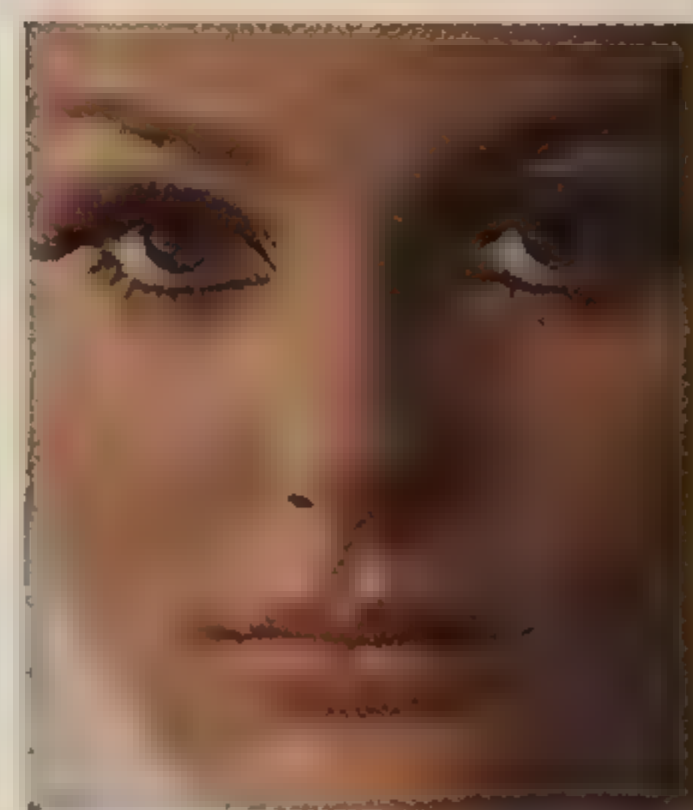
*You'll feel, but never see it.* Called Flowing Velvet, because that's exactly how it feels, you smooth

this greaseless wonder on mornings (under makeup or all on its own), and nights just before sleep.

Rich in precious, omnipotent Hydrolin, it turns the tide against lines. Formulated to provide all that thirsting skin starves for, its moisturizers seep in to quench that dry bed of under-eye wrinkles. Nourishing oils "plump" out skin, make it resilient so that, for you, that drawn, aged look is an impossibility.

*It's younger than you think.* Flowing Velvet is so simple a skin plan, it seems almost like doing nothing—meanwhile it's doing everything for your skin. Your complexion changes to glowing, vibrant, alive. It stops looking and acting its age. The only trick—consistent use.

Keep Flowing Velvet handy. Flood it on often, and never be afraid of the big bad forties. From 3.50.



**Jacqueline Cochran**



# Go springtime



GINGER

the sandal-foot look, splashed with happy colors, and—

*—that wonderful  
walking-on-Air Step® feeling*

Supple, soft kidskin. Also black shining Corfam.®  
Air Step shoes are priced from \$12 to \$18.  
Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.



QUALITY AT YOUR FEET®

Leather refers to uppers. \*Corfam is DuPont's registered trademark for its man-made polymeric upper material.



**Jantzen has just invented the very first  
do-something lace in the underworld!**

**“Jungle Blossom” Power Lace—  
only by *jantzen*.**



What Jantzen's remarkable new “Jungle Blossom” Power Lace actually *does*—is go to work with surprising effectiveness on waist, midriff, hips and thighs. In spite of being probably the barest, most delicate thing you've ever had on! We know it's hard to believe, but it's true. This deceptively sheer fabric controls as well as power net—because Jantzen specially developed it to do just that. This isn't just stretch lace. And it isn't just lace-patterned power net. It's true power lace, woven on true lace machines out of a special Vyrene® spandex and Ban-Lon® nylon that has unbelievable resiliency, power and control in every thread of its exotic openwork pattern. That's how it can afford to be so bare and naked-looking.

The “Jungle Blossom” collection of light little underlings includes a long-leg panty girdle, “Pirdle”, girdle, demi-girdle, briefer, garter belt and bra. All in blush, black and white; panty girdle, “Pirdle”, garter belt and bra in yellow and blue, too. From \$3.50 to \$22.50.

Wherever Jantzen underworld fashions are sold. Jantzen Inc., 261 Madison Ave., New York.









## Who'd Ever Dream Of A Brush On Cream?

Only a make-up expert like Alexandra de Markoff could create Shadowcreme. The new cream shadow you brush on. So smoothly, evenly, easily and naturally. 6 day, 4 night colors...accented with one of two special tone-at-the-bone shades. Suddenly your eyes look more beautifully bright and brown — or blue — or green. New Shadowcreme. \$5.



**THE HALLE BROS.CO.  
ROBINSON'S  
JORDAN MARSH, FLA.**

*Alexandra de Markoff*





**Do you really think you can  
hold off until Easter?**

Save your new hat. And dress. And coat.  
But don't tuck your gleamy new slingbacks away  
on your closet shelf until April 10th.  
They're wearable now. So go ahead. Enjoy.  
And don't worry about how they'll look  
when Easter rolls around. Remember, this  
is the year of the shoe that's easy care,  
wipe-and-wear. A shoe that's light in weight.  
Won't crack in the cold.  
Stays soft and supple and keeps  
its fashion shape fantastically well. Remember  
you were smart to get a shoe created  
of shining CORFAM\*, the breathable  
new shoe upper material from Du Pont.

Caressa shoe in shining

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Better Things for Better Living... through Chemistry

This Caressa shoe, about \$17.00, at: Lord & Taylor, New York; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Jacobson's, Michigan; Robinson's, California; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.



An American Classic in the making,  
years ahead of its time...  
elliptical dial in oval case of  
Midas-touched 14-Karat Gold and  
jacquard-textured bracelet.  
This American Classic has a superb  
17-jewel Medalist movement,  
shock-resistant, anti-magnetic,  
with unbreakable Dynavar  
mainspring to assure you  
of the finest in American  
craftsmanship.

So, if you've got the money...  
for yourself or for a gift, put  
it where the excitement is—on  
a Hamilton. At your jewelers.

If you want more than time, get a  
✦ **HAMILTON**

Who says  
a fine watch  
can't be exciting?

Not Hamilton!

Proof: New  
American  
Classic.

American Classic T, \$99.50. Other American Classic watches  
from \$85 at Hamilton Jewelers.  
Available in Canada and more than 50 other countries.  
Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.



the pale cosmetic look  
for spring  
in stocking colors by  
**BERKSHIRE**



*Frosty Peach*  
*Frosty Pink*  
*Frosty White*

*Frosty Peach*

*This fragile sunkissed  
peach gives a subtle  
glow . . . so clear and  
delicate above and below.*

*Frosty Pink*

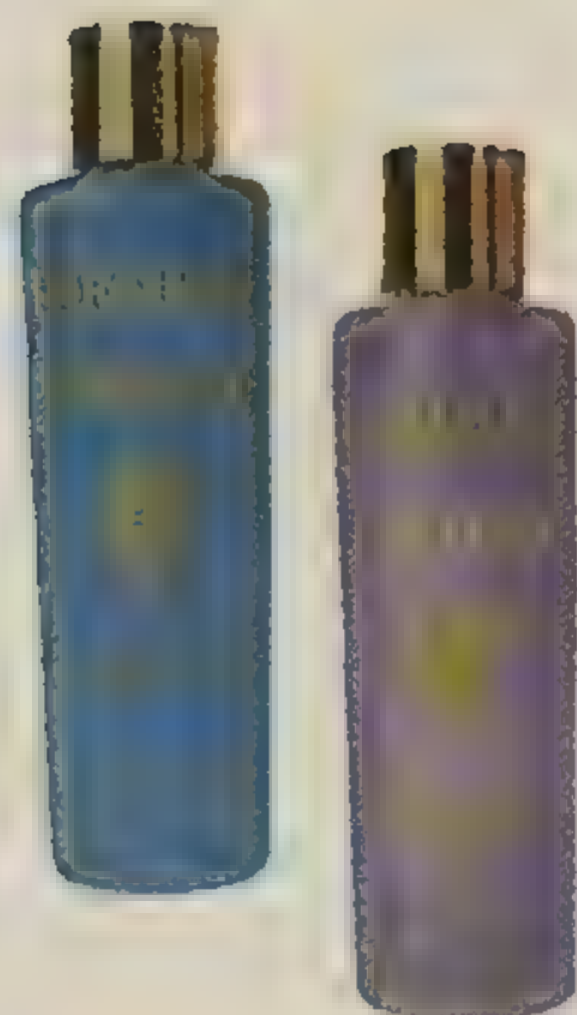
*A cool pink geranium,  
filtered with white. A  
bashful skin tone . . .  
enhancing, refreshing  
pink to radiant rose.*

*Frosty White*

*Softly luminous,  
delectably pale. A  
sheer porcelain white  
for day and night  
. . . forever right.*

**BERKSHIRE** **B**  
INTERNATIONAL





**The body. The hold. The look. The life.  
And, above all, the health.**

**Only with Forming DE Pantene.®**



Come. Take a little Forming DE Pantene.® Work it gently through your hair. Here. There. Now set. Wait. While deep, deep conditioners strengthen. Silken. Then see. Hair with health. With hold. With life. With lights. To stay in the heat or rain or whatever. All this from Forming in one of two ways: No. 1 for fine or oily hair. No. 2 for dry hair. Both especially good for color-treated hair. \$3 the bottle. And, to accompany, Hair Spray DE Pantene.® \$2 for 7 ounces. \$3 for 12 ounces. At these and other enlightened stores: Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel & Co., J. L. Hudson, Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin & Co. The Pantene Co., 555 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10022.

**Forming DE Pantene,** for healthy-looking hair.



# The Switchables in Fortrel



## Fashion pieces that jigsaw and jell Sportemplos

Separates that coordinate themselves. In a blend of Celanese Fortrel®/rayon/flax. Sizes 6 to 18. From \$13 to \$20.

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At B. Altman, New York City; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Belk's, Charlotte; Bon Marche, Ogden; Brandeis, Omaha; Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Dey's, Syracuse; Diamond's, Phoenix; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Levy's, Tucson; Loveman's, Chattanooga; B. Siegel, Detroit; Thalhimer's, Richmond; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne. For other fine stores write Sportemplos, Inc., 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.





In lustrous 80% Dacron® polyester, 20% cotton: fan collar blouse, \$4; tuck-top shirt, \$5. In 'petitpoint' 65% Dacron, 35% cotton: ball-button shell, \$4; tuck-top scallop shell, \$5.

Again, total finesse. **lead the**  
 Tailoring impeccable. **Ship'n Shore®**  
 Accents fiercely right.  
 Blouses, pared to pure perfection. **life!**



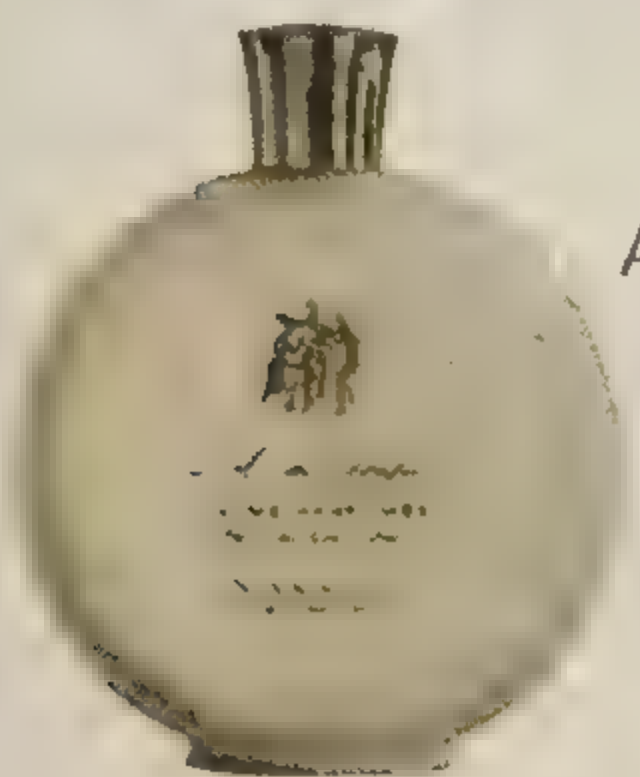
# FATAL!

...WHEN USED ON THE BODY



## L'AIR DU TEMPS CRÈME PARFUMÉE

THE ROMANTIC FRAGRANCE BY NINA RICCI, PARIS  
IN A DEVASTATING NEW FORM



A creamy caress of fragrance that clings to you  
for hours. Stroke it on your arms, your legs, your torso.  
Leaves you so sensuously sleek and fragrant it's positively  
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Can be lethal at close quarters.

L'Air du Temps Crème Parfumée, 5 1/4 ozs., \$5.50 • Capricci, \$6.50; Coeur Joie, \$5.50.





SIAMESE Slinky, sexy, something-else! In six exciting frame colors and six lens shades. \$12.95



COSMOPOLITAN Classic styling for big city girls (and sweet young things from the country). Six frame and lens combinations. \$13.95

background scene by Sawyer's Inc.

**YOU STEAL THE SCENE** IN YOUR RENAULD  
SPECTACULARS





background scene by Sawyer's Inc

**LA STRADA STRIPE** Here they are. Zebra combinations of pinks, mauves, and purples. Three lens shades. \$12.50



background scene by Sawyer's Inc

**MADEMOISELLE RENAULD** Mysterious and exciting in eight frame and lens combinations. \$15.00

Available in Canada

The Temple of Arun sparkled at sunrise . . . but they were looking at you. You, wearing your Renault Spectaculars, stopped traffic on 5th Avenue. You made them forget the Tower was Leaning, and were voted the Spy Most Likely to Succeed in Red Square. What was your eye-catching secret? Simple. It was you, in your Renault Eye Wardrobe, the second wonder of the fashion world!



SUNGLASSES BY  
**RENAULD**  
INTERNATIONAL



DESIGNER TOUCH  
Smart to the point of genius is this 100% Irish linen ensemble with crepe blouse. From the imagination of Jody Van Amburgh in flamingo, Aruba blue, parakeet and black. Sizes 6-16. Under \$70.

Lester Paul  
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DAYTON COMPANY  
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JOSEPH MAGNIN CO.  
California and Nevada

HAFTER'S-HAGGARTY  
San Diego

# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

March 15

## Men's hair— join the club

Since, lately, it's begun to be not at all unusual for the hair of the head of the family to get itself styled instead of merely cut, a drama of the following order has been destined to be in the cards. *Scene:* a sun-and-wind-sweetened golf course somewhere west of St. Andrews, east of Bel Air, and a good remove from Eden; no woman has ever been permitted to play this course (see Rules 1 through 10). Membership of the club: A genial mixture of old guard and new blood, balanced, steady, never a cross word spoken—until. *Until:* The new young breed got the idea they'd like to retire the club's longtime barber; his haircutting, they felt, had not kept up with the times, and he had expressed himself as being not about to change. Being warmed up in the wings, meanwhile, was a duly licensed barber who was the new kind, a hair stylist for men. His was the new way—always a good shampoo first. Hair shaped while it's soaking wet. Shaped sometimes by scissor, sometimes by razor, never by clipper. Then, drying with hot-air dryer; hair-net to hold the shape meanwhile; further shaping if the previous shaping called for a touch more enhancement. Ungreasy hairdressing for finish; maybe some hair spray. . . . While we never expect to hear details of what went on in the club's board room (none of the walls had ears), we do know the young men managed to carry the day. They got their hair stylist. And the old guard got a surprise. An exhilarating one, happily. One captain of industry, lifelong possessor of a magnificent collection of cowlicks, was suddenly cowlickless. ("A cowlick is nothing more than the centre of a spiral growth pattern of hair," explained the hair stylist. "With proper cutting, shaping, and combing, it will lie flat forever." And so far, it forever has.) Another chap, a bit on in years for the crew cut he'd always worn (in the belief that his hair could only grow straight up, like grass) abruptly changed his type from old-boyish to frightfully dashing. His new styling revealed superb, thick hair, trainable as Kelso; result was both years and pounds gone from his face. . . . Growls subsided, grumbling ceased, good fellowship returned. Only sad part of the drama was something that need never have happened. The old barber *could* have learned the new ways. There are ever so many sources available to wise him up. Including an extremely simple pamphlet-primer on what hairstyling is all about, put out by the people who make Dep hairstyling gel for men. . . .

## Beauty treatment for navy-blue

Dearest little thing you've never seen before: a brand-new transistorized clothes brush, its shape and heft somewhere between those of a harmonica and a transistor radio. Flip on the switch and a pair of eager roller brushes go to work—whirring away instantly lint and the like. General Electric makes it. And not a minute too soon for what appears to be a new wave of navy blue in fashion. When it's not in use, the brush gets put on its own pedestal, but it doesn't just stand there—it does something. Its glands (or whatever it is that gives the brush its energy) can recharge themselves while pedestalled. What is the relationship between this clothes brush and beauty? Closest of ties. Like pearls, navy blue has to be clean to mean anything. And since the recent Paris Collections, the navy's in. . . .

## More on what's going on in heads under dryers

Supplement to our February 15th report on women under hair-dryers. Over at Enzo da Perugia's, the great *Renata Tebaldi* has diligently improved her English by the under-dryer study of that language; proficiency acquired in a year's time—amazing. . . . *Muriel Resnik*, playwright of *Any Wednesday*, finds any time sub-dryer chez Kenneth splendid for writing; "all other noise is blocked out." . . . *Beatrice Lillie*, although detected under the dryer at Elizabeth Arden's studying lines and reading scripts, did not admit to any such constructiveness when questioned. "I sing, of course," said she. . . . At Lintermans, there's the do-it-yourself set: *Mrs. Montague Hackett, junior*, big on needlepoint; *Mrs. William W. Foshay, junior*, strong for crewelwork. . . .



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Dress by Joan Leslie

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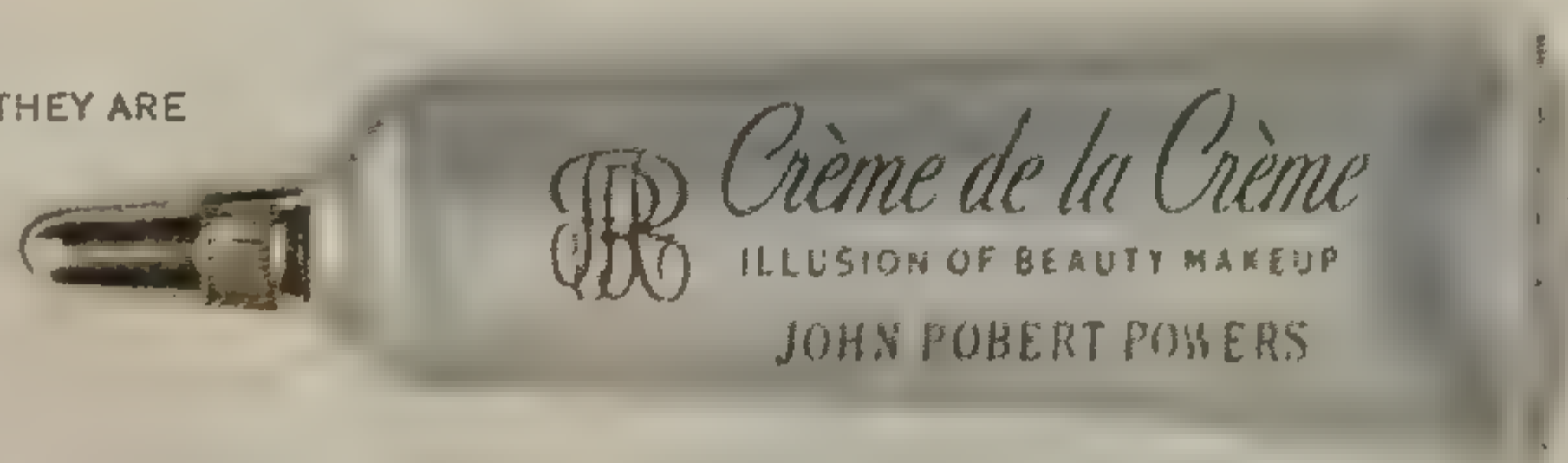
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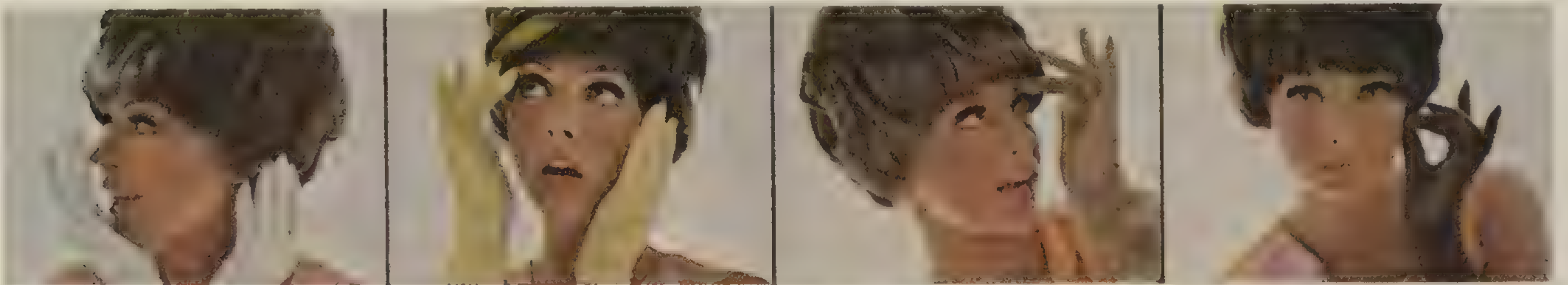
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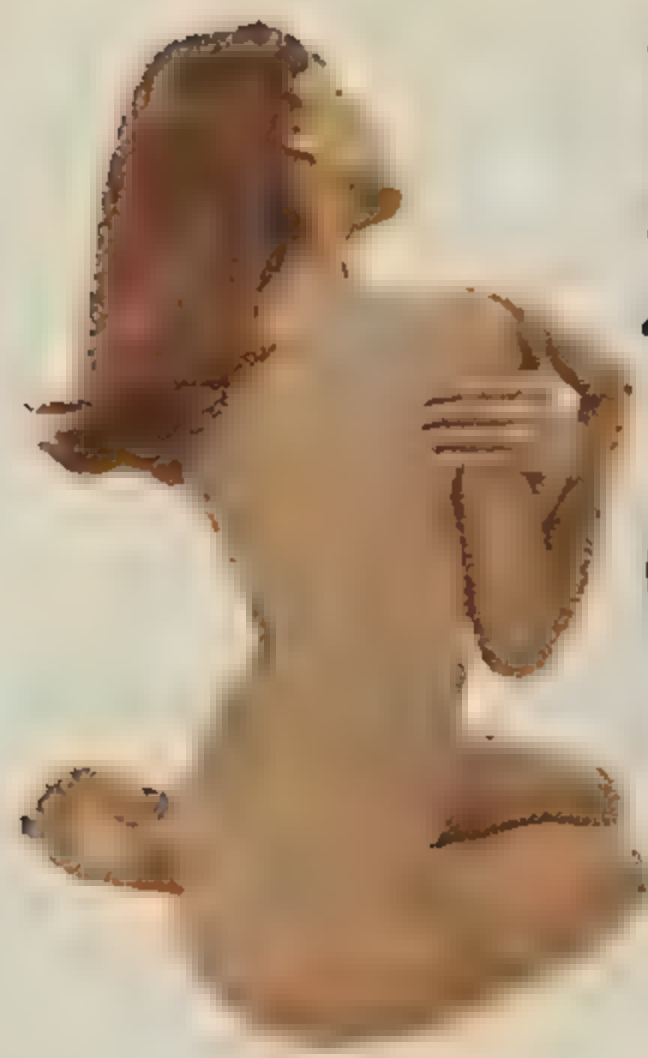


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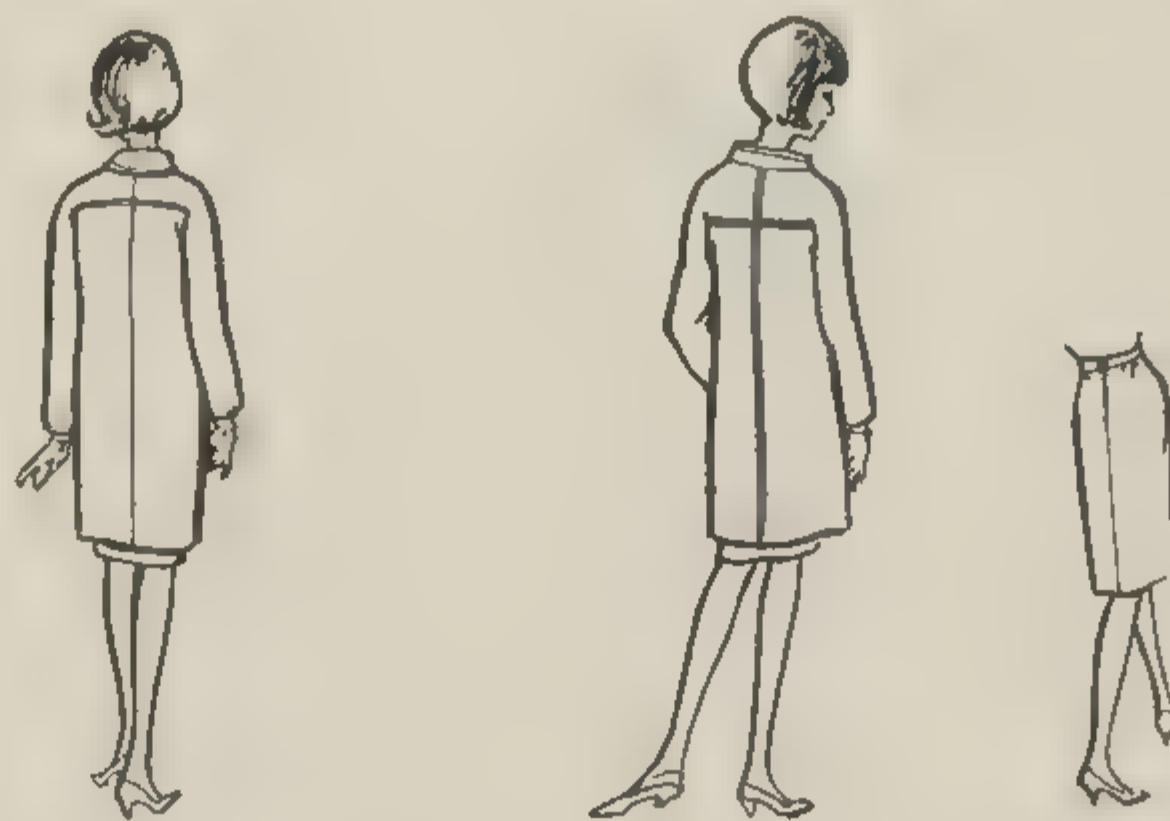
It's dark leather-coloured vinyl with a zipper that zips  
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Lord & Taylor. Mustard zigzags on whitened legs:  
Lady Exeter stockings, of Orlon and nylon.

## Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 122-123;  
other views, yardages, details)



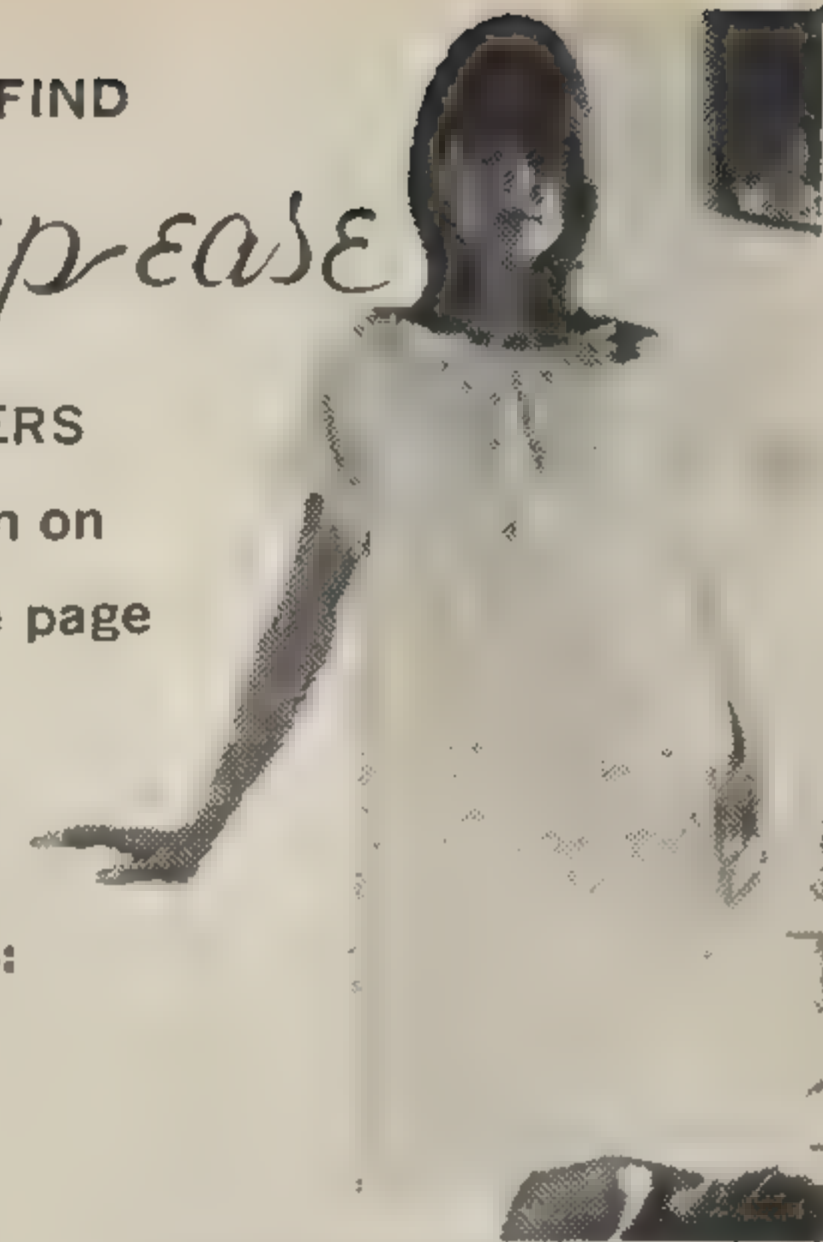
*Above left:* Reversible Tattersall coat. Vogue Pattern 6583. Sizes 10-20. Size 14 requires 3 yds. of 54" fabric without nap. \$2. Canada, \$2.20. *Above right:* Reversible orange coat, dress pattern included. Vogue Paris Original Model 1483. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 3 yds. of 54" fabric without nap. \$3.50. Canada, \$3.85. Skirt for both coats: Vogue Pattern 6234. 26" waist requires 7/8 yds. of 54" fabric without nap. \$.75. Canada, \$.85. To finish off seams in double-faced fabrics: turn both raw edges in same direction. Trim underneath edge to 1/4"; turn top edge over it and fell back by hand. Or, press edges open, trim to uniform width, and bind over with a bias strip of the same fabric (single-thickness).

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EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or sleepwear.



# TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

## Israel, "for Pilgrims and Guests"

Rinsed in newness, sun-soaked, history-bruised Israel—not much bigger than New Jersey—bristles with surprises. . . . Here, cabdrivers don't expect tips. . . . Passengers sit next to the cabdrivers. . . . The bunches of purple grapes carried by two men which are painted on tourist cars symbolize the grapes Joshua and Caleb carried back to Moses from the Promised Land. . . . A sign on the wobbly stand outside the Tomb of King David in Jerusalem reads, "Refreshments for Pilgrims and Guests." I was a guest, a delighted one.

Tel Aviv is beige and restless, impatient as a deadline. . . . Boys and girls move briskly, wear mostly shorts; young women serving the compulsory twenty months' military service, in khaki shirts and skirts, look extraordinarily trim and long-legged. . . . In the evening brilliantly lighted, big balconies of apartment houses turn into dining rooms, card rooms, living rooms. (Walking by in the shadow of trees, I felt an involuntary guilt as if I were eavesdropping.)

An especially effective skyscraper at night is the El Al building, with its outside spiral staircase looking like a series of white pinwheels. . . . On the tall tower of the new Tel Aviv Hilton, where I was staying, the name Hilton spelled out in Hebrew looked longer than the original. . . . This Hilton has the harsh strength of poured concrete for its exterior as well as for the inner columns

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rising like enormous tree trunks from the lower lobby right up and through the marble floor of the vast main lobby.

Bilingual theatre programs printed in English and Hebrew work well: Hebrew reading from back to front, English from front to back. Both languages meet. The *Fiddler on the Roof* program was my case. This same two-way system goes for books, catalogues, et cetera—title, prologue, text begin at the back in Hebrew, the English version from the front.

New housing developments outside Tel Aviv stand on stilts in sand dunes. On their roofs, what I thought were forests of chimneys painted blue, green, yellow, and red turned out to be solar systems for heating and collecting water. . . . Jaffa, the ancient harbour city, now one with Tel Aviv, looks best at night when its peeling buildings and blitzed holes don't show. I remember a lovely Turkish clock tower and especially the purple, orange, and green windows which had the brittle quality of isin-glass once used in dollhouses instead of glass.

Jaffa's liveliest discothèque, El Hammam, stands on a hilly olive grove at the end of a stumbling, dark, sandy path. In summer, lighted mainly by starlight, dancing goes on in a terrace enclosed in walls topped with jagged bits of coloured glass.

Cypress windbreakers shelter the acres of groves along the sea-swept, glossy Sharon Plain. Banana bunches in the first rows most susceptible to sun and sea winds hang in brown paper bags and look like blown-up boxers' gloves. . . . At Caesarea, Israel's only golf course, some forty-minutes' drive from Tel Aviv, a stubby Roman column stands on the first tee of the eighteen-hole course traced between the immaculate tiled fields of a kibbutz. Regular players ignore the birds with their exquisite crests and long zebra-striped tails.

The plush Caesarea, a hotel built of beige marble from Gali-



lee, includes among its attractions: two pools, riding, tennis, bed-sitting rooms partitioned in yellow stripes, good bathrooms with, for bathrobes, blue burnouses. Unobtrusively, in a corner of the lounge, the framed, ornate calligraphy, delicately illuminated, is the marriage contract of the late Baron Edmond de Rothschild, grandfather of the present Baron Edmond de Rothschild, Israel's eminent benefactor who bought these vast tracts of land fifty years ago as a philanthropic gesture when they were valueless. Now these acres are being developed by his family and the Israeli government. . . . Five minutes away along the sea, inside the walled port built by Caesar, the lively swimming cove is a centre, too, for scuba, skin diving, and underwater archaeological explorations. At night, a discothèque.

On the road from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem—a ninety-minute drive—television antennae rise on blue-painted cube houses where Israeli Arabs live in neat, clean villages. . . . The city of Jerusalem has the warm charm of a university town, which it is. Everything is beige: Handsome stone buildings stud the crinkly hills, trees dusted in beige line the streets.

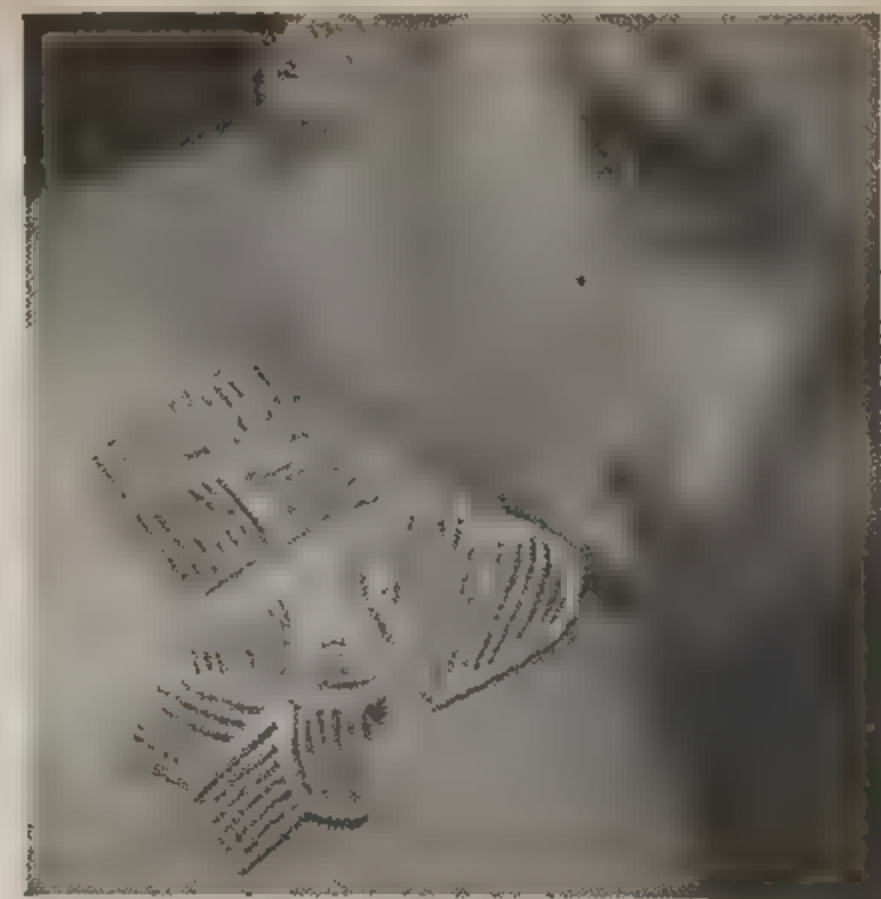
The great complex of the Israel Museum spread out on the top of bald Museum Hill has the sweep of a deck of an airplane carrier. In the Billy Rose Art Garden, designed by Isamu Noguchi, both by day and night, shadows double the power of the sculpture. Every Tuesday and Thursday night the Museum stays open and lights up for visitors. In the Shrine of the Book, designed by Frederick J. Kiesler to hold the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Book of Isaiah, wrapped around an enormous cylinder rises in the centre of the circular room. A door-shaped knob, in case of emergency, can shoot this great drum underground. Lighted showcases inserted in stone walls have, in the corners, small lavender crystals and barometers to control humidity.

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Press people collect at Fink's, a small corner restaurant-bar with only six tables. . . . Many rooms, including Room 220 where I stayed, at the King David Hotel look out over both Jerusalems. By the light of the chewed-up moon, I couldn't tell where Israel Jerusalem and Jordan Jerusalem merge.

In Mea Shearim, a small quarter where the fanatically Orthodox live, the married women wear their traditional wigs, and the men the long caftans and round, furred, wide-brimmed hats—like their eighteenth-century Polish ancestors who settled in Palestine years ago. Looking through the barred, open windows of a small synagogue, I watched men studying the very finely printed Talmud with its divisions, the Mishnah and the Gemara.

Stark and windowless, the memorial to the six million European Jews killed by the Nazis stands on Mount Zion. Inside the permanent night of bare rooms resembling caves, candles flicker. They light up the stenographic records of names of villages and individuals wiped out, inscribed on simple white marble plaques; the lineup of blue-and-white jars holding ashes of the dead; the mosaic of names of concentration camps; and, finally the Memorial of the Unknown of the Concentration Camp.

GOOD TO KNOW. In Israel, six months of summer weather begin in May. Raincoats for March, perhaps April, and after October. Casual clothes—open-necked shirts for men in the daytime, but ties in the evening, when women wear summery afternoon dresses. No evening clothes. Beige flat shoes for beige earth. . . . Important, an overnight bag for side trips. . . . At the Tel Aviv Hilton where all rooms—like a ship's outside-staterooms—have a sea view, single rooms, \$17. . . . Single rooms at Jerusalem's King David, from \$9; for those opening on a view of Jerusalem, \$19, and well worth the extra. . . . At the Caesarea, bed-sitting rooms for one, including breakfast, \$22.



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# VOGUE'S

## *Silver smash: the anniversary, in New York, of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III*

An evening to jounce the jaded, abash the cynic—this marvellous twenty-fifth wedding anniversary party given for Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III, by their children, Pamela and John. To the dinner, in a ballroom blooming pink geraniums and scarlet tulips, came, among others, the minister who had married the Drexels, the cousin who had given the young English bride away to her American husband, one bridesmaid, several ushers, and, from England, Mrs. Drexel's father, Lord Camoys, who had missed his daughter's wartime wedding. In a pink-and-silver dress, a diamond tiara on her pile of dark hair, Mrs. Drexel looked a



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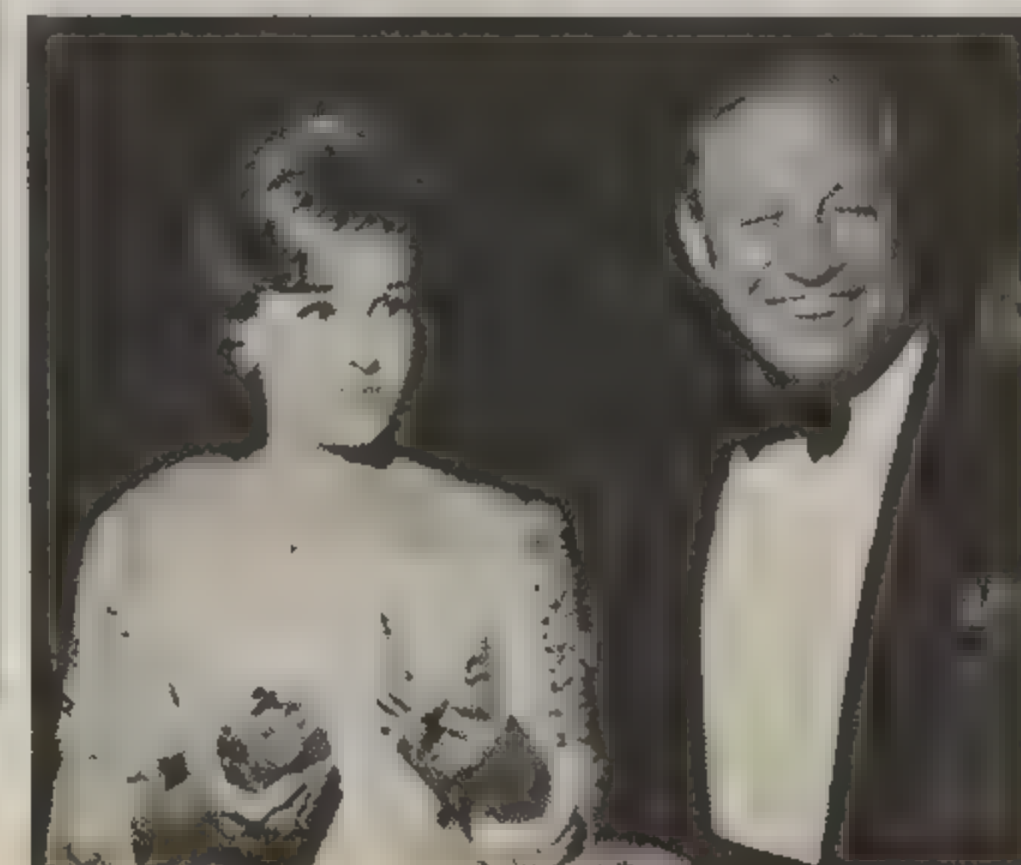
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# NOTEBOOK

dazzler, laughed a bit, cried a bit, too, as she listened to affectionate toasts from her family, and made her own to her husband and to "the strangers then who are now my friends." After dinner, more of the Drexels' attractive friends arrived to dance well into the morning to the music of Cliff Hall who did *not* play "The Anniversary Waltz" but a knockout batch of fox-trots and frugs.

1. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III. 2. Mrs. Graham D. Mattison; Mrs. Joseph A. Thomas. 3. Miss Pamela Drexel; Mr. Hilaire J. O'Malley. 4. Mrs. Vincent Astor; Colonel Serge Obolensky. 5. Mr. and Mrs. William S. Paley. 6. The ballroom. 7. Mr. John R Drexel, IV; Miss Jill Isles. 8. Miss Pamela Braga. 9. Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge, III; Mr. Michael P. McDonough; Mr. Samuel P. Reed. 10. Mrs. George F. Baker, junior; Miss Victoria St. Leger-Weldon. 11. Mr. Timothy Garner; Mr. Thomas Stonor; Miss Sybil Millar.



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11

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By ANTHONY WEST

*The Great Indoors, "try again"*

*Wait Until Dark, "back to television"*

Sadly, *The Great Indoors* folded before more than a handful of people had seen the beautiful job that Geraldine Page did with the great many very funny lines that the author, Irene Kamp, gave her. The play fell apart in its second and third acts, but the piece as a whole showed that Miss Kamp has a real gift for writing the kind of intelligent, tough-minded, irreverent, and entirely contemporary farce that Broadway must have if the theatre of adult pleasures is to survive. The critics who slated it without a word for its virtues weren't serving the interest of the audience, for whose sake Miss Kamp ought to be given every encouragement to try again.

The author of *Wait Until Dark*, however, a piece that gives its audiences an hour and a half of Lee Remick having a Scout's try at pretending to be a blind girl, should be given a huge bribe to get him to go back to television where his simple notions of entertainment possibly belong.

*Sweet Charity, "curiously ugly-minded"*

The story on which the new musical *Sweet Charity* has been hung was originally that of an Italian prostitute who consoled herself while pursuing her arduous calling by cherishing the hope that someday some nice guy would come along to take her out of the brothel and marry her. It almost happened, but not quite. The brothel has become, for the purposes of this production, a New York dance hall, and its inmates are now described as taxi-dancers. The spirit of the original is pervasive, however, and this hard-driving show is curiously ugly-minded. Gwen Verdon plays the hopeful broad with unflagging energy, and a complete absence of taste or discretion, but although she works like a dog, the high points are provided by her younger colleagues. Helen Gallagher and Thelma Oliver get things going after a slow start with the song "Big Spender," and Barbara Sharma takes over from them with a splendid frug. The choreographer, Bob Fosse, has done more for *Sweet Charity* than anyone, and he has done pretty well.

*The Condemned of Altona, "amateurism"*

All of the many things that were wrong with Herbert Blau's direction of *The Condemned of Altona*, and, for that matter, with the Blau-Irving régime at the Vivian Beaumont Theater, rolled themselves into one ball at the moment—in Sartre's oddly naïve play—when Leni Gerlach announced that family pride had been her motive for committing incest with her brother, Frantz. The actress to whom Mr. Blau entrusted the task of making this avowal credible was Miss Priscilla Pointer, a charming, if now somewhat matronly, former Conover model who radiates wholesomeness. She read her lines firmly and tranquilly, and when she spoke of incest as her law and her destiny, she could have been owning to a weakness for fattening foods. The actor who played the supposedly very wicked brother was in like case: His nice-as-pie personality came on stage with him to fight his rôle. This is the hallmark of amateurism in the theatre. The truth is that Mr. Blau and Mr. Irving have set up shop with something little better than an amateur group. They have not as yet achieved a production which comes up to professional standards. It becomes necessary to ask how much longer this magnificent facility for producing plays is to be left in hands which are, all too plainly, unable to make proper use of it.



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**OLLÁ** BAGS



By ANN BIRSTEIN

## *Italiano Brava Gente,*

"who can remember to act like a soldier?"

This is one of those rare pictures whose advance publicity doesn't do it justice. Billed as a Joseph E. Levine "epic," there is fortunately nothing grandiose about *Italiano Brava Gente*. It is a long but absolutely straightforward film in black and white (even "documentary" is too fancy a word) about a group of Italian footsoldiers during the Russian campaign of World War II, and even at its most tragic it makes of war a horribly plain occupation. The landscape has the cluttered look of reality. The sight that greets the troops when they first emerge questioningly from their train is a bunch of wilted Russian sunflowers. Later on, after the battles around Moscow, corpses lie strewn about at night, looking in the harsh light more like victims of some ghastly accident than a field of glorious dead.

Admittedly, this is a movie with a message: War is hell. But the strength of *Italiano Brava Gente* lies in its insistence on a particular aspect of that hell, the fact that war must inevitably subvert natural human feelings. In episode after episode, some gesture toward peace, simplicity, love, friendship is aborted or deflected. As the young Italian farm boy says apologetically when he is reprimanded for having begged the villagers to gather up their crop before it's rotted by the rain: "With all that wheat who can remember to act like a soldier?" Of the men whose story this is, no one. And therefore none survives.

In a picture of this kind it's hard to single out any one actor, which is to the credit of the cast and the glory of the director, Giuseppe De Santis, who also directed *Bitter Rice*. Only the two American "stars," Peter Falk and Arthur Kennedy, seem too singular and self-conscious. The others are completely convincing: Tatyana Samoilova, a pitiful, silly coquette; Andrea Checchi, the wise and tired colonel; Raffaele Pisu, the cabdriver desperate to return to his beloved Rome, who at the end of the picture lies alone in a vast snowscape scooping out a little grave for himself. "This will be your bed," he finally realizes, "... your home. ..."

Alas, there is one important point left over. Was the Italian army actually composed of such "brava gente"? Perhaps, compared to the Germans. Perhaps, at this great distance in time. After such a fine movie, it would be nice to be able to think so.

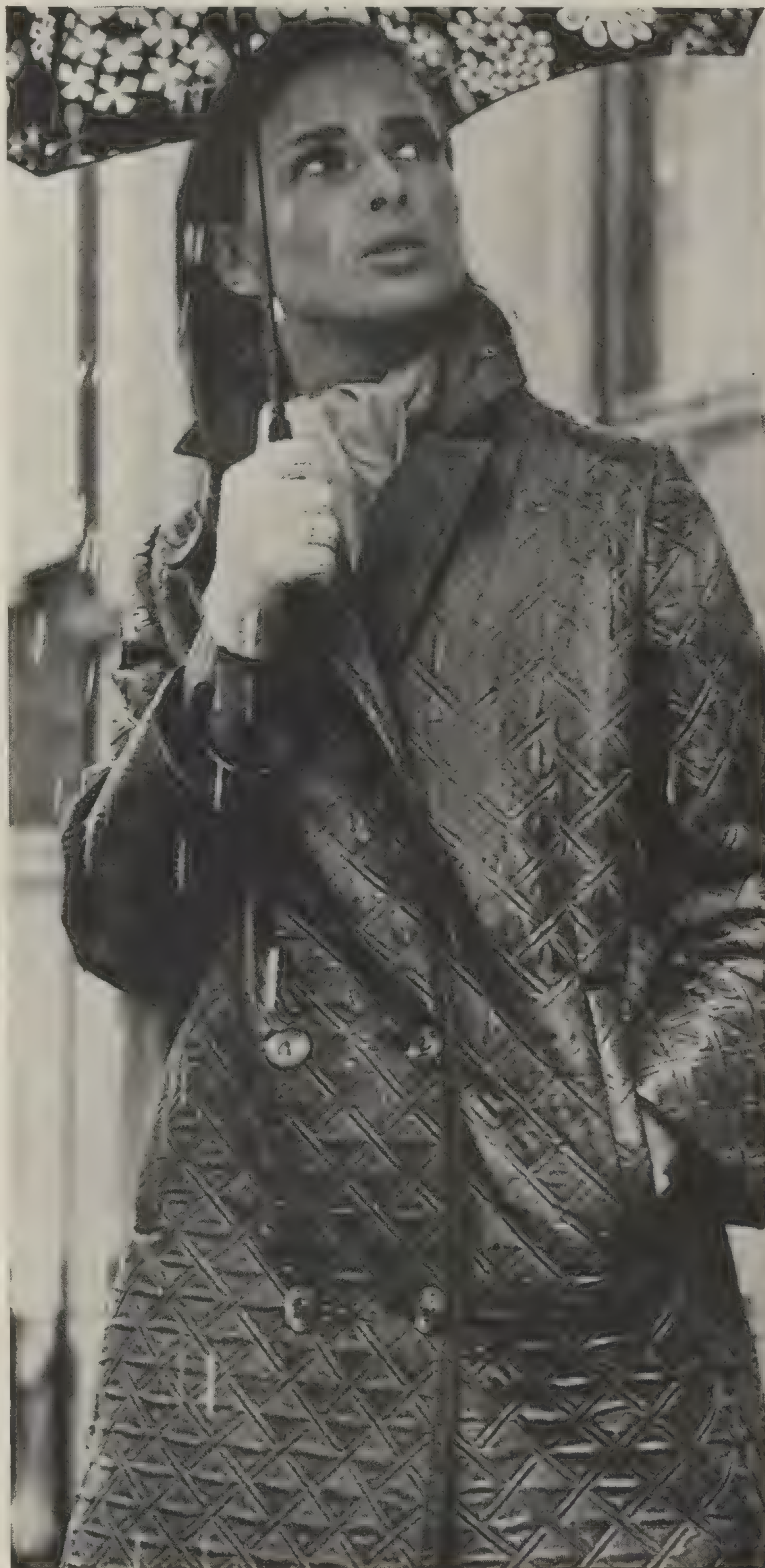
## *John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning,*

## *Day of Drums,*

"how young everybody was"

Originally produced for the U.S.I.A. for distribution abroad, *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums* suffers, as do all propaganda films, from a tendency to gloss over difficulties and simplify political complexities. But as an evocation of the personal side of those painfully few days of the Kennedy Administration, with the funeral drums like a muffled heartbeat beneath the text, it is immensely moving. The film chooses to begin with the cold sunny day of the Inauguration, but this is a story that like a Greek frieze can be dipped into anywhere and will go on to its terrible, inexorable conclusion. The handsome smile, the quick hand patting down the hair, the flat Boston voice saying "grah-cias" to a cheering crowd in Costa Rica, the airplane landing in Dallas, the sweetly elegant wife and—later—the little boy in the blue coat saluting, they are all here. Only I'd forgotten how *young* everybody was.

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# WEATHERBEE



By JEAN STAFFORD

*My Brother Brendan,*  
"embarrassing revelation"

*My Brother Brendan* by Dominic Behan (Simon and Schuster), presumably a reminiscence about the late playwright, is nothing of the kind. It is a collection of long-winded anecdotes about the Troubles, a recapitulation of a number of unspeakably squalid boozing parties in Dublin and in the country thereabout, and an embarrassing revelation of Dominic (he is a writer, too) Behan's resentment of his famous, gifted, frequently objectionable brother. If only this were ironic and basically affectionate, but I'm afraid there's no chance of that. There are many invocations to "the lova jazes" in this pointless memoir of the comic artist who, between rambunctious bats and stretches in stir, managed to produce *The Hostage* and *Borstal Boy*.

*The Beginners,* "on and on like a Sahara"

The brief first chapter of Dan Jacobson's new novel, *The Beginners* (Macmillan), is so touching and promises so much involvement and heartbreak that one settles comfortably down before the fire, glad that the book is long. Avrom Glickman sets forth from South Africa to Lithuania to fetch his wife with savings accumulated by his sons (he himself, luckless, a visionary, a patsy, has saved nothing) and en route gives away all his money to a woman with a hard-luck story. It is hinted that Mrs. G. is a virago and I looked forward with mingled dread and joy to the outcries and recriminations. But the pause in Lithuania takes no more than a minute and back in South Africa the story becomes embroiled with Avrom's heirs and assigns who are bores.

Characters and generations merge, journeys to London or Tel Aviv are all the same, individual speculations on the situation of Jewishness and enlightened conversations about Zionism stretch on and on like a Sahara. The exposition of the mechanical workings of a prosperous creamery brings to mind home movies after a big meal when everybody wants to go home. The business transactions of clever brothers and failure brothers, the seasons in Israeli kibbutzim spent by the young of the vast interconnected dramatis personae, differ in the telling very little from the accounts of London cocktail parties. Out of four hundred and sixty-nine densely printed pages, I counted only six dramatic episodes, and four of those weren't very dramatic. This is the non-work of an able writer who is slackly lounging about.

*Toddler on the Run,* "criminal and cute"

A twenty-year-old Englishwoman, Shena Mackay, has written a novella, *Toddler on the Run* (Simon and Schuster), which has, one hears, received great réclame in London. The toddler of the title is a dwarf, criminal and cute, sly and improbably attractive to women. He hurtles hand in hand with his best girl friend (who wears pink jeans) into the sunset to evade the coppers, and their escapades, mild and pastoral, take up most of the very slim book. In the meantime, an entirely different story is being unfolded which is much better though scarcely more believable: It concerns characters that have the most tangential possible relationship to the dwarf. The writing is tasteful and often amusing. Headmistresses are always good for a laugh and so are loonies in loony bins—in this one, there is that familiar friend, the Major, who organizes the inmates into platoons to search for a stray. This is an easy book to while away the time—that is, about half an hour.

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# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

**Boutique gear—off to Russia with love—with the Ambadress**



**Right this minute, Moscow is meeting Mme. Luisa Garcia del Solar**, wife of the newly posted Argentinian Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. And a segment of the population is seeing Mme. del Solar's groovey gear—the best cut pant suits; brilliant-coloured, shifty chemises; equally brilliant shaded furs; poor boy sweaters; swoopy crêpe culottes; buoyant, coloured stockings; nippy square-toed shoes; Chanel chain belts; short skirts—in toto: *The* look that's the passport of the chic international boutique huntress. **During last minute New York shopping and pack-**

**ing (above) Mme. del Solar explained.** The Tuffin & Foale oatmeal tweed pant suit (above) from Paraphernalia, would be right in the country—"We have a little *dacha*." **The "Little Miss Muffet" cape of thick black and white tweed** (above) "is very warm—very important." One of many things found in Henri Bendel. **Warm colours should be good for the Russian winter.** "Anyway I'd rather put the fun in colour and keep the clothes simple." It explains the raft of Gernreich wool shifts—hotly coloured—like the sun-orange striped with saffron; or the carmine flowers

splashed canary yellow (above). **Also on the voyage—lots of Bendel's white point d'esprit stockings and equal numbers of ten cent store Tintex cartons.** "I love white stockings or bright ones matching things." The Tintex is to play with later, dyeing the stockings this shade and that. **"Actually my son Francisco has the most beautiful stockings of all—much better than mine."** Francisco's (above) all came from Bloomingdale's. (Another of Francisco's fashion messages to Russia—his Merry Mites knickers. In wool, corduroy, and flannel. . . . The better to

show off his bright stockings, of course.) . . . **With long thoughts of Dr. Zhivago snow—** The most important boutique buy, a big curl-up-in flash of a red fox coat (above). One of Mary Quant's specials for Paraphernalia, "it's a little too long but I don't want to cut it—it's so cold on the knees you know." Mme. del Solar's solution for shortening it to her slight, sprite size five—blouse the fur bit over a Chanel chain belt. **But this is just the first chapter.** Promised to Vogue's Boutique page later—a letter from the Ambadress, from Russia with love. . . .

**It's Supreme—it's hippy—** it's the hottest new boutique in town. Tucked in a tip-top corner of Bergdorf Goodman, Bigi is a real, complete boutique. All clean shiny black and white and chrome: cooled with good background music; grooved with adorable salesgirls under twenty-one, all nationalities; filled with the kind of clothes boutiques are all about . . . i.e., skimp coats sharply divided in bi-colours, \$50 to \$90; nifty suits with pipe-stem narrow sleeves, short A skirts, \$20 to \$110; adorable little "dumb" dresses in chiffon, silk, \$13 to \$85; golf glove in delicious colours of kid—like celery, almond; cut-out holes piped in white. \$7. . . . Bergdorf's Bigi Boutique, 58th St. and 5th Ave.

**When the white begins to streak, that's the chic of it.** The plus-luxe handbag—white alligator, double-strap-handled with black ditto skin. After a season or two the white shades, adding to the lustre. Handbag to order, \$350 upwards. Art Bag Creations, 735 Madison Ave. . . . Also here, more ship-sharp, black and white handbaggerie; matte white ostrich-grained pouch, fastened and handled with black lacquer bamboo. \$19.95. . . . **Stripes—pirate-bold—racing down ship-shape legs. . . .** Navy-blue and white striped duck pants set just right on the hipbone. Matching swing-around belt; by Capriotti. \$30. Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street. . . .

**A wow of a bow-wow coat: Needlepoint.**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ROBINSON

Tam used to keep warm tucked inside his mistress's mink coat (left). But one day they popped into the Woolworks. Now Tam has his own coat, needlepointed by mistress Bibi von Winkelhorn. "Chinese cloud" pattern, canvas, yarn \$25. Mounting on suède lining, \$22.50. Woolworks, 783 Madison Avenue. . . .





Left to right: Ring, about \$1000; bracelet, about \$8750; ring, about \$1600; pin, about \$300. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

## On the never-ending joys of diamonds

The pure white brilliance of the diamond is absolute beauty and joy. No other gem is more precious or more enduring. Today's art of designing diamond jewels is at its finest and most original to make them a constant part of a woman's life. A well-chosen diamond piece is joy and pride that last a lifetime and beyond.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



MARCH 15, 1966

# VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW:  
PARIS  
IN THE SWING

Wide hems. Swinging hems. Hems sailing away from narrow little shoulders and flying around the legs—*dans le vent* literally, figuratively, every which way.... Patou's way, *right*: flight-of-white cape, cone-shaped in double-faced wool. Buttoned to the waist, zipped to the hem with slits for arms to go through and welt-seams slanted around to a point in back. Of Garigue wool. At I. Magnin.









# PARIS COLLECTIONS... WITH BARBRA



*It's spring...it's a fling...it's super-star in heaven: Barbra Streisand wears the new Paris clothes for Vogue.*

*Barefoot girl in Arab-boy pants: a suddenly long-haired Streisand in a Ricci wow of pale-pink Bianchini silk.*







# INSTANT BARBRA

BY POLLY DEVLIN

She's a myth, the great American dream, the girl come through, the toast of Broadway, the fable, the moral, and the fairy tale. And most of all she's been to Paris—here in a studio dressing room, where her own voice is singing French songs from a rickety record player and the only thing to do is stare. You see a face that changes from minute to minute, not so much changes as shifts as if she were constantly refocusing her features, anchoring the shifts with her famous unbelievable nose. She is about to meet Madame Grès and it turns out to be a remarkable romantic confrontation of two arts, two generations and continents; one epitomizes France, the other all we secretly think of as American. They complement each other perfectly. Madame Grès elegant, luminous, composed; Streisand glittering, flamboyant, and posed; one in classic sweater and skirt, turban and pearls, the other in a huge flowing poncho, a white nunnish coif, looking as though she had been designed by Le Corbusier.

Streisand in the poncho becomes statuesque, dignified, grand, and faces the camera with a terrible command in her eyes: "Capture me correctly." A minute later in a short, pink culotte dress clowning it up she looks like a four-year-old who has found the hidden bag of sweets: her mood switches unnervingly quickly and it becomes apparent that her moods are induced by externals, by who says what to her, by what she's getting, giving and doing, what Now is doing to her, Instant Barbra.

Streisand's magic is her own. She isn't invested with magic by onlookers, by reputation, by suddenly appearing on stage and singing. *She* invests that stage—or that room—and gives it magic by filling it with herself. The startling thing about this magic which can't be cut down, put down, explained away, or hidden is that it has little to do with mental attributes, higher intelligence, or wider outlook; it's a matter of personality. To have the magic excludes complacency, and those who have it are inside it. They know about the glow, they can see its effects; but they've never felt the effects and never seen the glow and (Continued on next page)

## *Elle s'appelle Barbra*

Here, in a navy-linen Grès poncho, and calm as a Buddha, sits Barbra Streisand—on top of the world. More than a star: a style, a fashion, a natural force. "Anyone who doesn't believe in Barbra Streisand," said a believer recently, "is an atheist." . . . Without lifting a finger to convert, she converts: suddenly, at auditions, every other young actress does "the Streisand bit"; suddenly a Streisand nose is the interesting nose; let her contemplate long hair and, suddenly—a silence of scissors throughout the land. . . . Streisand, on the other hand, follows no one; she rolls her own—with dead-eye instinct and perfect self-knowledge, she designs clothes for herself, costumes for her TV specials, jacket covers for her record albums; and keeps everyone around her permanently *sur le qui-vive* (note received by the prop man towards the end of her New York hitch in *Funny Girl*: "The wax flowers are dusty. Love, Barbra"). . . . In April this *Funny Girl* explodes in London. And next year, the big one—"the fantasy thing"—*Funny Girl* on film: "Think! Me! A Movie Star—and pink feathers—that's being a STAH!" In between, two new albums: "Je m'appelle Barbra" and "Color Me Barbra," named after this month's TV special for Chemstrand (whose next Barbra-show will have, as décor, Barbra's own current Paris selections). Colour her triumphant. . . . Grès poncho, left, of Moreau linen; I. Magnin. Grès ear-sweeps; Roger Vivier gold escarpins. All Paris coiffures: Alexandre.





(Continued from preceding page) there's no way of bridging the gap between knowing and realizing. This is our safeguard, the insurance and guarantee that the magic will stay night after night when we've paid our money to see the show. It's the star's weakness as well as strength because she must keep trying, must keep proving by reaction that she is not a colossal bluff. It makes a star demanding company. Streisand has a constant need for reassurance, an ego that can't be sated, a strange vanity, and a frantic pride. She needs to be told what she already knows.

She is capricious as a child, but the caprice is forgivable since under all the attributes of success, adulation, and admiration, underneath the poise, sophistication, and merriment there yawns the lack of self-confidence and the nervousness of youth. This girl is twenty-three, she has shot to stardom in a scant three years. Caprice can be forgiven when you have to cope with that, even though you're built for it, made for it, and have fought and kicked for it. What is alarming is that when she is being bothered—or thinks she is being bothered—she doesn't allow irritation to show; she simply darts out a beam of pure poison from her eyes and lodges it in the annoyer.

**E**qually she can radiate such warmth and interest that people fall over themselves to get close to the source as though she were the sun. She *expects* to be the sun in every company, likes the revolving satellites as long as they keep to their orbits. "Noli me tangere," she says from her sloe eyes. . . . She uses her hands (Continued on page 152)

### *Barbra wears Dior and Grès*

*Barbra à la pensée, Dior à la Turquie, above: ballooning chiffon pyjamas in layers of luminous, shifting geometrics—brilliant pinks, fuchsia, orange, and acid green. Of Brossin de Méré silk chiffon. Dior earrings. Geometry à la Grès, right: parti-coloured jersey poncho in yellow and ivory triangled over matching tussah pants, slit to the thigh on the outside; pressed-in-pleat dead centre. Racine silk jersey. In America, at I. Magnin.*







THE PARIS COLLECTIONS



*"Comme elle est belle," said Grès of Streisand, and wrapped her up tenderly in this delicious little coif—simply a clean white triangle of Moreau linen with a slit for the head and twelve-inch side-pieces to tie this way and that. I. Magnin.*

*Barbra... wrapped by Grès*









**THE YUM-YUM TREE  
IN PARIS**

*Dior's licorice lace, above—black, short, shining; long ruffled sleeves. Lace by Marescot. At I. Magnin. Castillo's white flowers, right, on a trellis of white cotton embroidery; high tied waist, back fullness. Cotton: Brossin de Méré. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.*







THE YUM-YUM TREE  
IN PARIS



*Dior's Mexican float, left: wide-swinging dress and cowl in a blaze of chiffon circles—purple, blue, yellow, and white. In America, at I. Magnin. Balmain's stalk of wild marigolds, right: unwaisted chiffon dress and poncho float. Staron silk.*







THE YUM-YUM TREE  
IN PARIS.







### *Geraldine Chaplin*

*The dark-haired dryad in the tree: Geraldine Chaplin, wearing, opposite, Castillo's bridal headdress—a charming rush of gauzy white butterflies; I. Magnin. Above, Miss Chaplin in Cardin's evening smock with deep cut-in armholes. Of white organza, St. Gall embroidery.*





Lanvin's wide swings of mousseline, branching out above—  
sleeveless, unwaisted. A yellow, a white, printed in black and  
coral, black hems, matching black-edged scarfs. Ascher fabric.  
Ricci ruffles, opposite, at shirt front, cuffs, and hem, of a long  
white organza dress, pink rose at the waist. Of Buche silk.













## YOUNG PICASSOS: *Paloma and Claude*

*The children of Pablo Picasso and Françoise Gilot: Claude for Watteau's teacher, Claude Gillot; Paloma for the famous white dove. . . . Looking like Picasso drawings incarnate, they came to the studio wearing the clothes of St. Germain '66 and long clean hair; posed with the elegance of fine young animals, and behaved like well-brought-up French children. Paloma wears Ricci's white organdie smock embroidered with daisies, left. Above: Dior's fan-pleated white crêpe dress with an Empire sash of black satin ribbon caught up with a white camellia. At Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Claude's Rive Gauche shirt, from Madelios, aux Trois Quartiers. (More on next page.)*







# PEOPLE ARE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The one-hundred-proof buzz of spring. . . . Comics Established, in the innocent, early funnies *Little Nemo in Slumberland* (filled with architectural, dream-like vistas and ending, weekly, with a small boy rudely awakened) and *The Wigglemuch* (about a gentle pre-Shmoo creature with Lewis Carroll overtones) at New York's Metropolitan Museum. . . . Presents, found in America, wanted in Europe: for children in Madrid, Super-Ball; for adults in London, Ruth Etting on LP. . . . The statistical Malapropisms of most Americans, cosily pointed out in *This U.S.A.*, the book by Ben J. Wattenberg in collaboration with Richard M. Scammon, until recently the United States census director; among their pie-in-hand suggestions is a chart of "The Absence of Specific Human Miseries, 1910 vs. 1960," which might include among "non-miserable millions," "millions of children not at work, tens of millions of once-certain illiterates who instead can read and write, millions of Negroes now in the middle class."

# TALKING

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the movie, *La Vie de Château*, starring Catherine Deneuve and written by Jean-Paul Rappeneau who has made comedy of life in a castle a few yards from Omaha Beach on D-Day, tumbling a love story from catastrophe to laughter, from heroism to humour, and winning the Prix Louis Delluc. . . . In London, the Chinese restaurant, in the East End (Far East End), patronized by West End kids, and called, The Old Friends. . . . The large thing among small boys for collecting monster-sized posters of, preferably, David McCallum. . . . The endearingly homey-looking, and historically mysterious Maya ceramics, jades, obsidians, and lavishly decorated jars in the exhibition of treasures of Tikal at The Museum of Primitive Art in New York; excavated by The University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, these singular objects suggest the Maya love of colour which prompted them to paint whole burial chambers a cinnabar red: "They were," said a museum staff member, "big for red."

# ABOUT...

*Claude and Paloma Picasso, children of Picasso and Françoise Gilot*

They startle Paris. Once glimpsed, not forgotten—the Spanish-olive eyes, the haunting resemblance to their father, whose eighty-fifth birthday will be celebrated in Paris this October with a vast retrospective exhibition. His children's poise, look of banked fires, self-containment flicker on the edge of the Paris consciousness, although Claude and Paloma Picasso still circle by choice with "la bande," their own tight group of childhood friends, never go to discos, never go "out." Their world is private, satisfactory, of their own shaping and directing. Both are studying for their *bachots* in philosophy. Claude, eighteen years old, spent last year at Cambridge, plunged for the writing of Joyce, Fitzgerald, Baldwin. Sixteen and unobtrusively but exceptionally learned for her age, Paloma slants towards archaeology. With their mother, the painter Françoise Gilot, who has a more delicate urban beauty and eyes the blue/green/grey that Picasso used in portraits of her, they live in Neuilly-Plaisance, in a small house with, in its attic, one of their mother's studios. (Her paintings will be exhibited this spring in Paris, this autumn, again, in New York.) Claude and Paloma are a team. Two of a kind. Independent. Individual. Intelligent. They move through their lives modestly, but where they light, ripples spread.



# PEOPLE ARE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Sweet Charity's* improbable Gwen Verdon who shakes her red hair like a blown zinnia and her legs and arms like the child's toy called "Slinky." . . . Marvin Israel's large paintings, a magical combination of trompe l'oeil cutouts, of sharp edges with painted shadows, figures, and two kinds of images, after and double; now at Cordier & Ekstrom. . . . In London, the new comedy, *How's The World Treating You?*, inventive, anarchic, surrealist, by a provincial rep. actor, Roger Milner, who is forty and pleased with success: He's tired of "living near the knuckle." . . . In France, the twenty-two-year-old Sicilian pop singer Adamo, whose voice is as swoony as a boy's and as sweet as a girl's. . . . The book *Cissy Patterson*, a life of the famous publisher and editor of the *Washington Times-Herald* by her great-niece, Alice Albright Hoge, whose prose gallops along without waiting for tact to trip it up, and who respects the unvarnished tongue of her great-aunt, who said: "I love vulgar people if they just have a little charm."

# TALKING

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The treble of childish laughter at *The Mad Show* where, at the early evening performance, dozens of youngsters whoop their way through camp satire. . . . The teeming, spectacular excitements of the Japanese Arts Festival at the Philadelphia Museum of Art: more than 150 delicate, moving, rare, funny works of art only eight of which have been in this country before. . . . *My Uncle Willie*, the love-hate memoir of W. Somerset Maugham by his nephew, Robin Maugham, and stuffed with Maughamentos: When Maugham met his ex-wife, Syrie, at a party, she said, "I am crossing the Atlantic . . . and I can't swim, so what should I do if the boat were to sink, and there I was floundering in the water?" "Ser—swallow," Maugham stammered, "just swallow."

# ABOUT...

## *II.R.II. The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, in the United States*

Cutting a deep curve across the United States in his swing from Miami to Los Angeles and back to New York, the Duke of Edinburgh, "Phil" to his sidewalk admirers, seems more completely the ideal of the American hero than most American heroes. He has drive, and opinion, and courage, and humour robust enough for Mississippi riverboats or the British navy. His looks suit another, more international ideal. After meeting him, an American woman of notable sophistication said, "I felt like Ethel Merman in *Annie Get Your Gun*: I gawped." This new photograph of him, *opposite*, was taken especially for *Vogue* in Tobago by Norman Parkinson while H.M. Queen Elizabeth II took movies of the proceedings. In Britain the Duke of Edinburgh inspires admiration and some uneasiness. It is not usual for a man in his position to manage to accomplish so much, and to be exciting. An Englishman said, "He is a caged lion, bound about by convention, but it is always exciting to hear him speak. He is clear, positive, and provocative. He has enormous energy, and the quality called, in school reports, application. He believes in—has *confidence* in—personal initiative." He created a special award, the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, given to young people for just that: initiative. The Duke of Edinburgh brought about the development of the National Playing Fields Association for the British young. Now he is quietly interested in the Voluntary Service Overseas, the British comparative of the Peace Corps. With him the young count high. He has come to the United States primarily to help the Variety Clubs International raise funds for underprivileged children. (One of the Clubs' first goals: a cardiac research wing for children at the Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals in New York.) The schedule arranged for the Duke of Edinburgh during his wheel across the United States reminded bystanders of a remark he made when Sir Edmund Hillary climbed Mt. Everest: "The Queen and I thought we knew something of endurance."







CHANEL

THE GREAT LITTLE  
TWEED SUITS...  
SMALLER.  
NARROWER







*Fuchsia-and-raspberry tweed, far left. Jacket narrowed, outlined in black selvage, sleeves higher, narrower. Tweed-edged weskit and lining of fuchsia silk. Suit imported and copied by Davidow for Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin. Pink, green, and ivory tweed, left, with golden Lurex threads, faint horizontal striping. Narrow jacket, high set-in sleeves. Ruffled blouse with a jabot and jacket lining of pink silk. The suit imported by Saks Fifth Avenue.*





*This year, Chanel's clothes are cut closer to the body, closer to the bosom; her beautiful sleeves are narrower, higher; armholes smaller. In short, completely contemporary. . . . Yet they convey, as always, the essence of Chanel's own fashion thinking—discretion plus dash.*

*Top left: Navy-blue nubby wool suit, small, slim, narrow-sleeved. Round, flat collar of starched white piqué, navy-blue grosgrain; standing above it, the collar of a white piqué blouse. Imported by Saks Fifth Avenue.*

*Centre left: White cloqué silk dinner suit. Narrow jacket, high set-in sleeves; wrap-around skirt. White silk jersey blouse. White buttons with the golden "C"s of Chanel interlaced.*

*Below left: Slim double-breasted coat in nubby ivory cotton tweed with a small kick pleat in back. Small, stitched collar and cuffs. Under it, an ivory tweed dress. Imported and copied by Davidow for Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.*

*Opposite: Narrow-sleeved suit in ivory cotton-and-wool tweed with irregular stripings of taupe, bronze, chocolate-brown, copper, rust. Narrow collarless jacket buttoned in gilt, lined with ivory silk; wraparound skirt. Frilled, finely-pleated overblouse of ivory silk. Imported by Saks Fifth Avenue. All four pages: Alexandre coiffures with black taffeta bows, flowers.*









# “pretty, lascivious, undignified”

**T**HE WOMEN YOUR HUSBAND WORKS WITH—Are You as Interesting as They?” This faintly threatening headline appeared in a recent advertisement for a set of Great Books. It is accompanied by a photograph of a woman who in truth does look a bit too interesting for comfort: chic, blond, long false eyelashes, a thoughtful yet tender expression. She and your husband, heads together, are going over some paper work. The text explains that if you buy the Great Books, you will be in great shape to compete with “the gals at the office” who are “in the swim of things, while you wrestle with diapers and diced carrots . . .” (an unpleasant, but telling, juxtaposition of ideas). The encouraging part of the ad explains, “You only need 15 minutes a day! . . . In two shakes you can compare Freud and the Bible on the subject of love. Or check Plato’s ideas about motherhood against Karl Marx.”

Oh Betty Friedan, what hast thou wrought? An obsession with being Interesting, a new mass movement, a craze for the individuality of women, that’s what. Mrs. Friedan’s thesis, set forth in her celebrated book *The Feminine Mystique*, is that women whose interests are limited to household responsibilities tend to become bored and neurotic. I must quickly say that I agree with the substance of her argument; but as so often happens, it has been seized upon and pulled out of shape by some of her devotees.

Perhaps it is only right and natural that after the deplored postwar years of conformism there should be a swing in the other direction. The trouble is that individuality per se is not a quality that can be acquired by trying.

Of all human attributes individuality is the most elusive; and no amount of self-expression via green and blue burlap walls, eggplant and lamb’s foot casserole, frugging—even checking Plato’s ideas about motherhood against Karl Marx—are likely to produce it in appreciable quantity. In fact, the hankerers after individuality too often come full circle—these fun-people with their in-pursuits, their underground films, and culture à go-go end up by being the truest conformists of all.

What is individuality, and how does it appear in a woman? I have known some odd ones in my time.

As a child, I remember hearing of the Countess of Seafield’s aunt, who was curious to know what human flesh tastes like. When the Countess (then a young girl) had her

tonsils out, the aunt caused them to be grilled and served to her on toast.

My own great-aunt, Lady Carlisle, sought to foster toughness and bravery in her many children. To this end, she rigged a pulley rope between two trees on either side of a deep glen. The children were shuttled back and forth across the chasm on a shorter rope attached to the pulley, swinging in midair at a great height; if the pulley rope got stuck (as it often did), the child was left dangling until it was disentangled. Presumably, those of Lady Carlisle’s offspring who survived to live in the Air Age never had the queasy moment at takeoff that plagues so many of us.

Like anecdotes of like formidable aunts abound in England. We associate this sort of individuality with the transcendental self-assurance conferred by generations of wealth and security, the environment that gave rise to the great originals and eccentrics of Victorian and Edwardian England. Their brand of individuality is not likely to occur in this hemisphere and in this generation—for which we may be thankful.

The outstanding individualists among American women of this decade nevertheless have something in common with the aunts of old. They possess not only originality and a healthy disregard for prevailing conventions, but also an inborn buoyancy of spirit that enables them to withstand the slings and arrows of outraged conformists. Like the aunts, they go on their insouciant way without a thought for the consequences of defying public opinion. Unlike the aunts, their individuality does not find outlet in mere personal whim; they are generally rebels, challengers of the status quo, fighters for causes.

The latter-day women individualists spring from a great variety of backgrounds, hold strong views on any number of questions, and range in age from eighteen to eighty. They are in the vigorous New World tradition of the abolitionists, the suffragettes, even (as we shall see) the Bloomer girls. They are, to use a horrid current expression, “issues-oriented.”

**I** give you Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, angel-faced mother of the former Governor of Massachusetts. She crammed on her brown flowerpot straw hat and took off for St. Augustine, where she was jailed for two days for taking part in a civil rights sit-in. Asked why she did not bail out, she replied in her stouthearted Boston way, “Well, it wouldn’t be right to just come in and go right out again, would it?”



BY  
JESSICA  
MITFORD

Or that doughty atheist Madalyn Murray, who led the successful court fight to outlaw prayers in the public schools. In an interview with *Playboy* magazine, this non-bunny par excellence described one of her many brushes with police: "I said, 'You'll get the hell out right now. Out!' And I took one of them firmly by the elbow and steered him to the door; to my astonishment, he went like a lamb."

Or beautiful and gifted Sally Belfrage, one of hundreds of young civil rights volunteers, who spent a dangerous summer in Mississippi where she was jailed for several days for trying to register voters. In *Freedom Summer*, Sally Belfrage described fear as "a condition, like heat or night or blue eyes. You had to learn to arrange your fear as a parallel element in the day and night, to exist beside it and try to function without its interference."

Campuses throughout the country, undergoing the "wave of student unrest," are producing their share of women individualists. These are generally young women of radical persuasion. A notable exception is Mona Hutchin, nineteen-year-old junior at the University of California at Berkeley—she is a sort of double individualist, a minority within a minority. A leader of Students for Goldwater, she joined the steering committee of the predominantly left-wing Free Speech Movement and was arrested with some eight hundred others at the Sproul Hall sit-in of 1964. Less than a year later she was in the news again: This time she had single-handedly overturned an ancient regulation against women riding on the outside of San Francisco cable cars. The conductor ordered her to move inside; he tried threats ("You're breaking the law") and persuasion ("Remember, you're a potential mother") to no avail. Eventually police arrived, peeled Mona's fingers off the outside pole to which she was doggedly clinging, and led her off to the Hall of Justice, where flustered officials conceded she was legally within her rights after all. As a result of the ensuing publicity, for the first time in eighty years San Francisco's potential mothers (and even those on the Pill) freely rattle and sway about on the outsides of the cars.

What will Mona do next? She recently organized a chapter of the ultraconservative Young Americans for Freedom on campus. "We've already passed a resolution to legalize the ancient and honorable profession of prostitution," she said enthusiastically. "We may go in a group to burn our social security cards on the steps of the

Federal Building." She is enough to make your head swim.

Now, what about the all-important matter of the right clothes for these activities? More than a century ago Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, that astute campaigner for Temperance and the Emancipation of Women, recognized that her magazine, *The Lily*, would have more appeal if she larded her strictures on the evils of intoxicating liquor with some fashion news. She described the garment that bears her name: "Our skirts have been robbed of about a foot of their former length, and a pair of loose trousers of the same material as the dress, substituted. These latter may be gathered into a band and buttoned tight round the ankle, or, what we think decidedly prettier, gathered three or four times, half an inch apart, and drawn up to just sufficient width to permit the foot to pass through." She recommends that the dress atop this garment be "without whalebones, unless it be a very limber one in front and under each arm." The resulting concoction was described by a contemporary journalist as "A sort of hermaphrodite costume, very pretty, very lascivious, very undignified."

An echo from the past, yet not without application to the female individualists of today. A word of caution to the women who are making headlines by defying the Establishment: Beware! There are indications of sinister forces at work seeking to undermine your newfound individuality. Somebody up there is watching you, namely the fashion editors. They may force you into a common stereotype yet.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* headlined a recent fashion article on the women's page, "All Dressed Up to Go—Limp." The writer pointed out, "Now that the protest meeting has replaced the fraternity party as the most popular extra-curricular activity, it's getting to the point that co-eds have to plan their wardrobes in terms of a possible long night on the picket line, highlighted by going limp, being arrested and getting dragged down the stairs by the hair." Suggested fashion buys for these activities are a stone-green culotte, \$7.99, with multicoloured top, \$7.95; or, if it is anticipated that police will attack with fire hoses, the right note of elegance may be achieved with a black water-repellent dress, braided in bronze, \$39.95, with matching scarf. Models are pictured, mouths agape for better screaming, being hauled off by the law. Like their predecessors of the Bloomer movement, they look very pretty, very lascivious, very undignified.

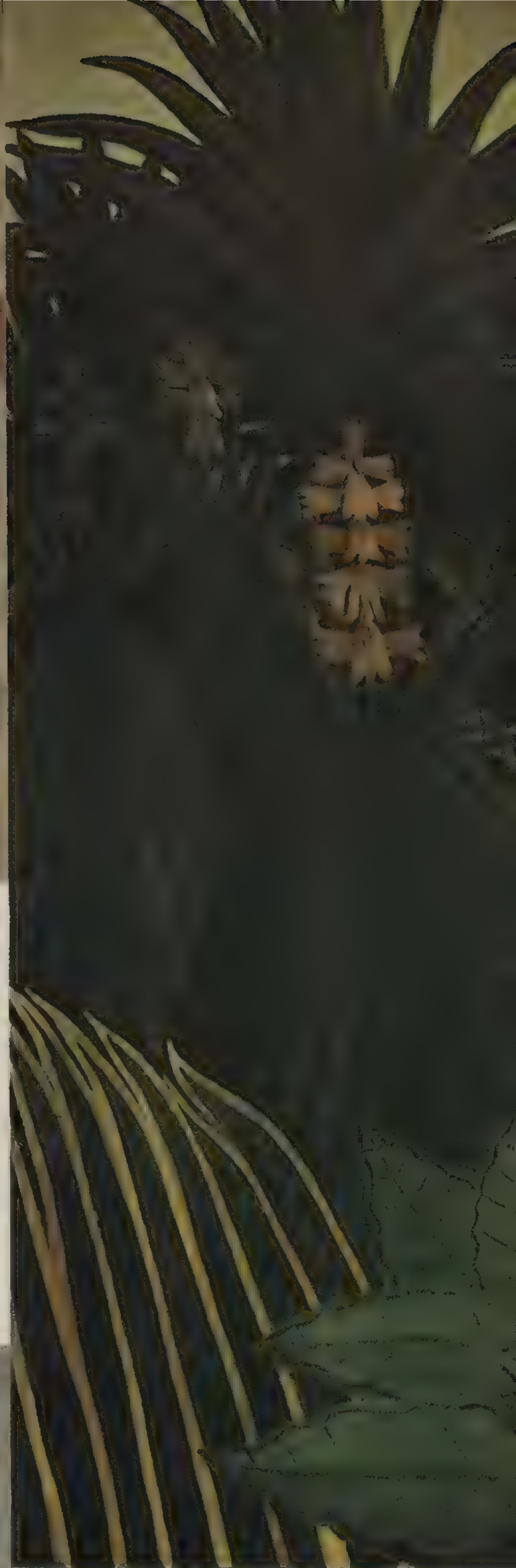




"RUE MOSNIER, PARIS, DECORATED WITH FLAGS," 1878, BY EDOUARD MANET  
COLL. MR. AND MRS. PAUL MELLON

**HERE, THREE OF THE PAINTINGS LENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART BY MR. AND MRS. PAUL MELLON AND MRS. MELLON BRUCE**

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon and Mrs. Mellon Bruce have lent their collections of French paintings to the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Gallery founded by their father, Andrew Mellon, and opened to the public in 1941. Since the end of World War II they have assembled works of art as remarkable in their way as those in the Andrew Mellon Collection. In John Rewald's words, their paintings "form an ensemble of a magnitude the equal of which it is impossible to find anywhere in private hands." From the two hundred pictures to be exhibited, Vogue has chosen three canvases, each of which relates in a different way to modern painting. In the first, Manet's "Rue Mosnier," this relationship is one of mood. Seeing the flags hung out to celebrate the Fête Nationale of 1878, Manet (Continued on page 154)



"HAMPTON COURT GREEN," 1891, BY CAMILLE PISSARRO  
COLL. MRS. MELLON BRUCE






"TROPICAL LANDSCAPE—AN AMERICAN INDIAN STRUGGLING WITH AN APE," 1910, BY HENRI ROUSSEAU  
COLL. MR. AND MRS. PAUL MELLON

# A CELEBRATION OF MASTERPIECES

BY JOHN WALKER





# *T*HE SNOWDROPS FORE-FLOWERS OF SPRING

*To the still earth and snow-hushed trees comes the thrust of new life—the snowdrop, first of the flowers of spring. Piercing strong through winter's icy crust to waken a world silver-locked in sleep, the snowdrop unfolds its paradox in the alien frost of white fields, white sky, white woods, and harbingers the warm and wondered stir to come. It beckons forth violet, crocus, and hyacinth, narcissus and tulip, jonquil and daffodil. Coming before the swallow dares, the snowdrop proclaims to the quiet and awaiting land the golden morning hours that are spring.*

Snow violet, *opposite*: Straight shoot of vibrant colour, the first to startle the snow—violet chiffon, fluttered over by great iridescent petals, spears through the white-flaked twilight winter. Pailletted dinner dress by Donald Brooks. Lord & Taylor; Godchaux's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Eve of spring at Klosters, Switzerland glimpsed on these five pages.









# FORE-FLOWERS OF SPRING

*First to break through winter's reluctant spell, the snowdrop—self-assured and white as wonder—quietly surprises an ice-grey realm and jewels the slow hours before thaw brings forth the many-coloured spring.*

Snowdrop pyjamas, *above*: Twilighted by nacreous colour, white chiffon petals over the body—sudden and fullblown from the cowled halter to the voluminous trouser hem. Bare-back dinner pyjamas by Donald Brooks, in iridescent pailletted chiffon. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Snowflower hat, *opposite*: Impatient colour, quivering transparent petals—a luminous iridescence comes to flower in one giant blossom tilted toward the spring. Violet chiffon hat shimmered with hundreds of paillette petals, by Adolfo. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros.











Fables Bulfinch Forgot:  
NARCISSUS AND  
THE TREACHEROUS VOWEL  
BY OGDEN NASH

I believe that people before they graduate or even matriculate,  
They should learn to speak up, to speak out, to articulate.  
It befuddles my sense acoustic  
To be mumbled at through a potato, be it from Idaho or Aroostook.  
This word-swallowing, these muffled mutes and slovenly slurrings  
Can lead to calamitous misunderstandings and errings.  
Consider Narcissus, the irony of whose fate would give a Schopenhauer  
sardonicus risus.  
To begin with, he was sired by one of three rivers all of whom were  
named Cephisus.  
He was the offspring of an amour which to the usual legend of the  
travelling deity and the husbandman's daughter was antithetic,  
Since it was obviously the mother rather than the father who was  
peripatetic.  
Narcissus after an insecure infancy escalated to manhood and encountered  
a slender nymph he thought sublime,  
And he kept talking about her all the time.  
He himself was loved by Echo,  
But he spurned her advances because she kept referring to him as an  
Adonis, and El Greco.  
He was slipshod about his vowels, they came out thick where they should  
have been thin,  
His speech was related to that of the Joplin maiden on a cruise who  
doesn't ask the number of other maidens aboard, she just wants  
to know how minny min.  
This habit betrayed him into a how-do-you-do as pretty as any in  
that deviationist satire, *The Little Golden Calf*, by Yevgeny  
Petrov and Ilya Ilf,  
Because Echo, whom he had jilted, told everyone that he was going  
around saying, "Oh how I love myself," when he was really saying  
"Oh how I love my sylph."  
As a result, his name has become a synonym for egotistic;  
Indeed, I have even heard him called Narcissistic.  
It was doubtless this little-known story of Narcissus that suggested  
the plot of a yet lesser-known unfinished story by Gogol.  
Gogol was a linguistic purist, he couldn't stand a mush-mouthed  
Russian, so he began a parable about a mush-mouthed Mongol mogul.  
This mogul was indulging in a lengthy orgy which had reached the  
tiresome stage,  
And he finally mumbled, "Fetch me a terpsichorean," and when they  
innocently fetched him a tipsy Korean, he expired in an apoplectic  
rage.  
The moral may be read between the lines of Ovid and of Aesop:  
Intelligible speech is not necessarily the mark of the milksop or  
the teasop.  
It's easy to be manly and still make your meaning plain, whether in  
accents of Mount Ida, Cathay or Boston, of Des Moines or of  
the deepest South;  
Just take that towel out of your mouth.

**F**ORE-FLOWERS  
OF SPRING  
*Born of chill moon and snow-light, spring's ear-  
liest golden flowers—jonquil and daffodil—pulse  
the pale, frozen earth with renascent warmth and shoot stalk-  
straight to brilliance as they seek out rays of distant sun. Jonquil  
dress, opposite: Covered almost to the wrist, the knee in an in-  
surgent shimmer of bright-struck yellow, the body breathes night  
beauty in chiffon transparenced by myriad iridescence. Paillette-  
petalled dress by Donald Brooks. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.*





For romantic evenings now, long unwaisted dresses with the lure of Oriental dazzle—clear printed silks with bright sprinkles of sequins, a swinging train. *Left:* Red carnations, green leaves—printed, sequinned, scattered for dazzling chinoiserie on a long covered dress of white silk crêpe. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne, of Malcolm Marshall fabric; in junior sizes. About \$185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Glittery flower pins by Vendôme. Bracelet by Charles Elkaim. *Right:* Swathed up to a bare-shouldered halter neck, a bias silk crêpe dress printed in green and red flowers. Narrow, clinging, with the mermaid touch of a train that can loop on the wrist. By Trigère, of Staron fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's. Marvella earrings at Altman's. All coiffures, these and the four following pages, by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon. Hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

# ISN'T IT ROMANTIC....

COLUMNS OF PRINT  
AT NIGHT









*Left:* Bared black, young and dancy, the short skirt shimmying with hand made petals of silk organza—wrapped around and tied to the back like an apron. The small top, chiffon over crêpe. By Dominic for Matty Talmack. Earrings by K.J.L. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shoes to order, at I. Miller.

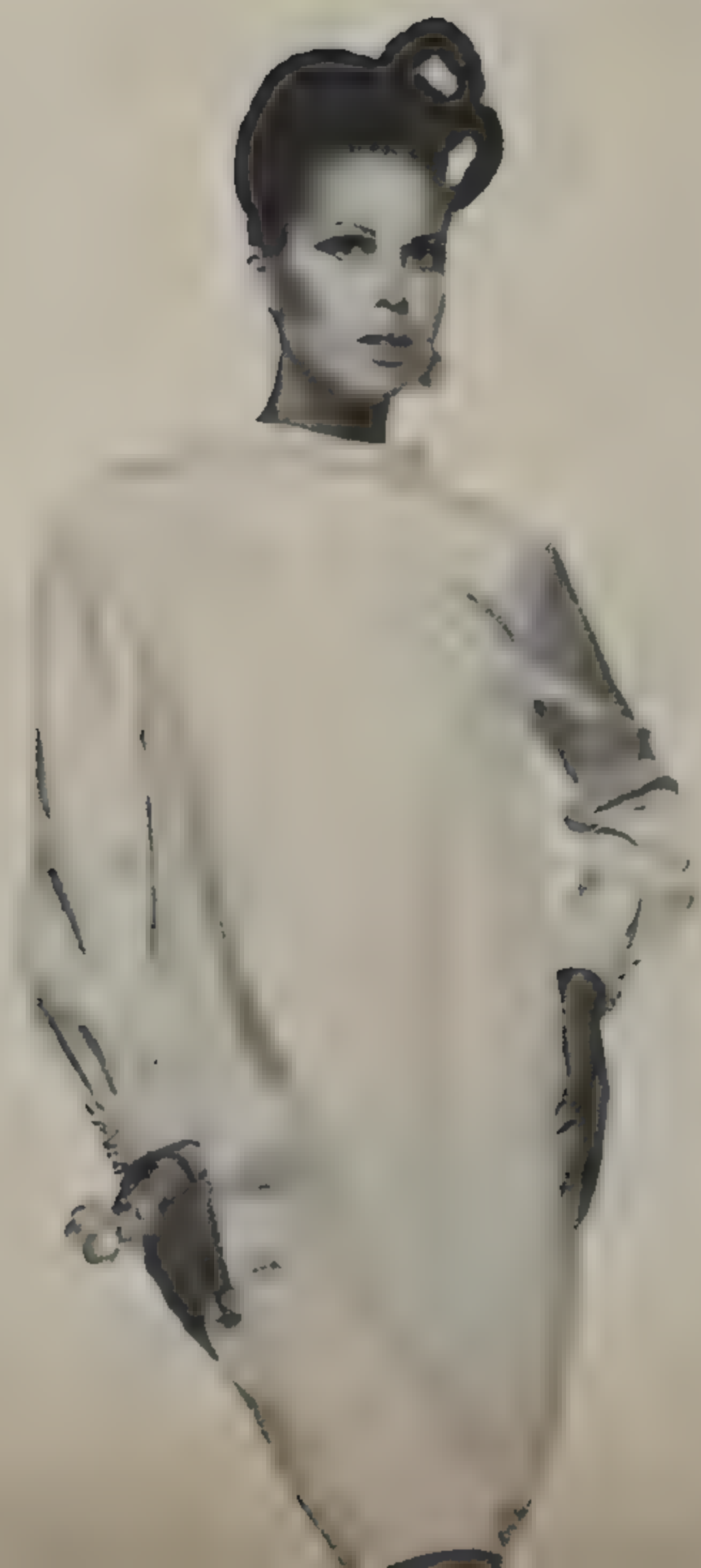
*Right, above:* White silk chiffon, floating from the Empire waist of a biased white silk crêpe dress. At the top and high-slit hem: deep bands of lace. By Charles Kleibacker; lace by Sormani. At Bonwit Teller.

*Right, below:* Smock of white silk crêpe, short, with a high yoke; the high standing collar and cuffs, covered in white beads. By Michael Dayan, of Onondaga fabric; about \$160. At Lord & Taylor. Marvella dangling hoop-earrings. Bracelet by Hagler for De Mario.

*Far right:* A swinging cage of white point d'esprit with bows at the shoulders, ruffles at the hem; over narrow white silk crêpe. By Richard Tam, at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Earrings and bracelet by House of Berland; at Altman's. Sandals at Saks Fifth Avenue.

ISN'T IT  
ROMANTIC...  
DANCING SHAPES IN  
BLACK, WHITE









*Left:* Black and white stripes with a high obi of black and white plaid looped flat in back. Very Directoire, enchanting. By Anne Fogarty, of Maxwell silk surah. About \$80. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's. Freirich bracelets: Altman's. Shoes: De Liso Debs.

*Above:* Sweet pink crêpe with a little Empire top covered in pale paillettes, pearly beads. From there, a straight shaft of pink to the floor. By Lee Claire, of silk crêpe; about \$125. At Best & Co., Wanamaker's, Phila. Fabiola earrings. The sandals, to order at I. Miller.

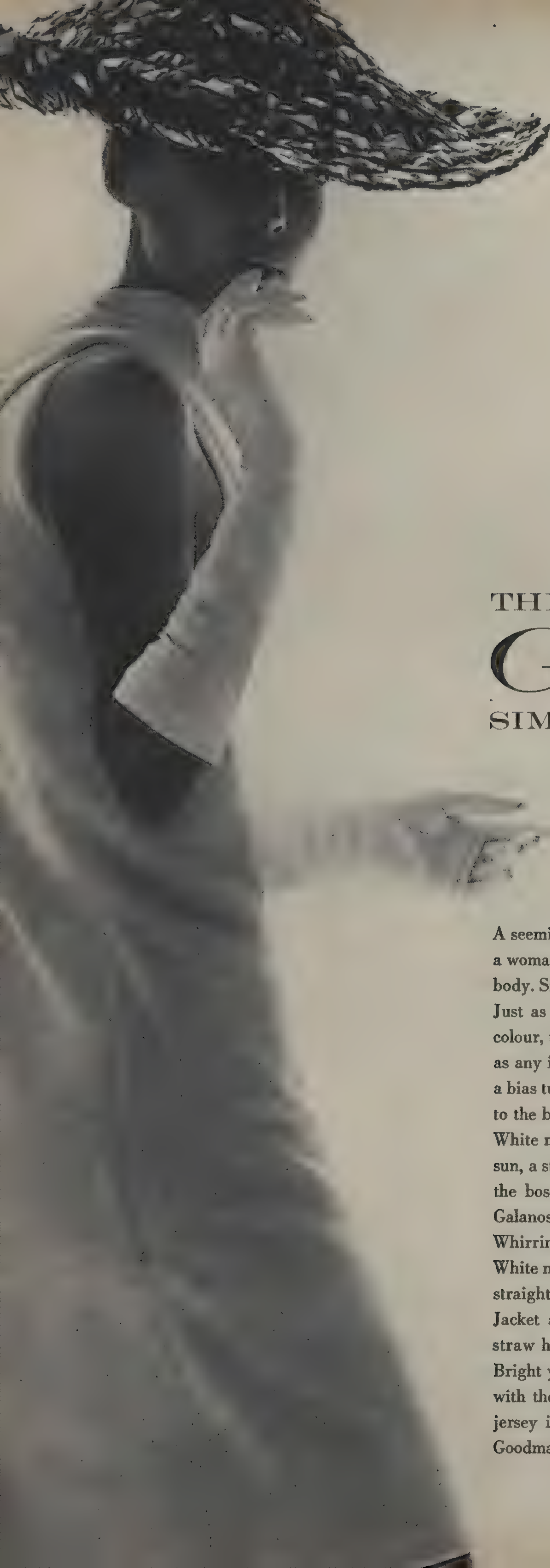
*Right:* Flou as flicks of candlelight—a dress of amber-beige silk chiffon with a low ruffled neck, a skirt with a thousand tiny tucks that release into ripples, at the hips. Its wrap: a curved chiffon sweater ruffled all around. By Christian Dior-New York. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson. Herbert Levine shoes.

ISN'T IT  
ROMANTIC...  
EMPIRE STRIPES,  
BEADS, FLOU CHIFFON









THE MOULDED WOOLS OF  
*Galanos:*  
SIMPLE WHITE, VIVID YELLOW

A seeming absence of colour, a seeming innocence of line: Galanos's look for a woman this summer is unequivocal in its purity. Clean, cool, easy along the body. Simplicity itself. But achieved only through a fantastic mastery of cloth. Just as white seems to be no colour at all although it is a fusion of every colour, the deceptively simple line of Galanos draws on techniques as intricate as any in the designer's art. He takes a straight fall of cloth and moulds it to a bias turn where, and only where, he wants it. The cloth bends to his will, and to the body. It curves with the body, moves with the body, releases the body. White moulded-wool dress, *left*: Turning a marvellously bare arm to summer sun, a straight scarfed length of matte jersey curves in Empire ellipse beneath the bosom—and moves with bias ease. Dress and back-flung bias scarf by Galanos, of Racine wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Whirring-brimmed rough straw hat by Galanos, at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. White moulded-wool suit, *right*: Simple as pure form—silk-shot wool scissored straight, then shaped and steamed to bias the body without dart or seam. Jacket and dress by Galanos, of Staron silk-and-wool. Flipped-brim rough straw hat by Galanos. All, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Bright yellow moulded-wool dress, *far right*: Bias cut makes the point twice—with the backdrop scarf, with the V-waisted bodice lightly wedging straight jersey in slow cool motion. Dress by Galanos, of Racine wool. At Bergdorf Goodman. Dress and Galanos straw hat, both at Marshall Field; I. Magnin.














The evening robe, a quiet fall of panelled white, shows Galanos at the top of his bent—joining cloth to body in immaculate balance. *Opposite:* Enfolding as it falls, sheer white wool cuts straight down from a mandarin collar and parts gently beneath the bosom—freeing an inverted panel in bias flare toward the floor. Robe by Galanos, of creamy Labbey-TSM wool. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Right:* Tab straps on either shoulder start the slow downward motion of ribbed, white cotton—a straight slender robe, a bias-panelled pleat. Robe by Galanos; Staron cotton. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffures: Jean-Paul of House of Revlon.

*Galanos*





unlined tailoring comes



Look—left: this is a close-up of the inside of an unlined double-faced coat. Look closely—those precious handsewn edges and buttonholes, those impeccable rows of fell seams, identical on both sides—this is also a close-up of a tailor's headache. Call it unlined, unconstructed, double-faced, reversible, whatever—the point is: it takes twice the time, twice the fingerwork . . . and is twice as luxurious as any tailoring in the world. A shell is what it boils down to. A light, buoyant, precious little shell of coat, dress, jacket, skirt—stripped of everything: linings, stiffenings; every snippet of canvas and muslin, every trace of bulk—gone, eliminated, KAPUT. . . . Nothing *holds* the shape; nothing has to—it's there forever, in the cut of the cloth. . . . Cloth with two faces, remember, sealed by weaving or sealed by bonding, and—where a seam is wanted—meticulously unsealed. . . . Snip, split—between the faces goes the tailor's razor . . . then tuck by hand, one piece into the other . . . pat here, flatten there . . . around the armholes, the collar, the sleeves . . . stitch together with fell seams, like the finest welting. . . . And if the cloth is non-splittable—as in a hard-finish, tight-woven worsted? Solo for fingers, then—bend the seam, stitch in place, baste down . . . inside, outside. . . . Steam. Press. Voilà: the prettiest—most precious—tailoring in years. Unlined bias coat, right: silver grey faced in ivory, worn over an ivory dress. By Stavropoulos, Bianchini wool. Henri Bendel. Laguna earrings. Kislav gloves, Best & Co. Hair: Ruel, Coiffures Americana.



# to town





**t**he officer's coat comes to light, naturally, *left*: no lining, no inner props—no weight. Just a marvelous shoulder-strapped, back-belted, chamois-coloured panache with two perfect faces. By Originala, Anglo wool loomed in America; about \$250. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Fedora: Lilly Daché. The double-faced suit, gay-blade green, *right*: hasn't a lining, hasn't a care in the world; nothing to it but a double-breasted jacket that slips on like a sweater, and the fastest little skirt on two feet. By Originala, of Anglo wool loomed in America; about \$290. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Leather roller by Adolfo. Both pages: Viola Weinberger gloves; Round-The-Clock stockings.





unlined  
tailoring  
comes  
to town







# unlined tailoring comes to town



**t**he unlined coat for an ivory dress, *far left*, in cocoa-brown wool double-faced with ivory; goes on like a smooth little Mandarin tunic and just falls, straight and slim—in the lightest way, this is the look that packs a wallop now. Costume: Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of Anglo wool loomed in America. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Stockings by Bonnie Doon. In double chamois-colour wool, *left*, the really well-cut suit that's nimble as knit—a marvellous example of the ease and lightness that springs into tailoring when the stiffening and lining go. Double-breasted jacket and hop-skip of skirt, by Originala, of Anglo wool loomed in America; about \$290. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Prestige white net stockings. The delicious gamut-of-white that colours both pages: Lilly Daché's shining bone-leather fedora; creamy-white kid gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.





he shell within the shell, left: ravishingly pretty unlined coat in a soft bloomy orange faced with golden yellow, very slim and high under the arms with sleeves that look as though they'd been drawn by a fine pen...and, underneath, an unsleeved, unlined, double-faced dress lying smooth as ribbon in a case. By Mila Schon, of Agnona wool. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Unlined dress and jacket, right: precious little shells with the grace to blush—pink face outside, glow of orange inside; the jacket slips straight to the hip and the dress races lightly on the legs. Nothing more to it...nothing more wanted. Suit, of Nattier wool, and the pale blond jockey cap (also shown left), by Mila Schon. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both pages: Crescendoe-Superb gloves.





unlined  
tailoring  
comes  
to town





**S**traight from the shoulder comes the unlined coat, *near right*, and straight it falls in its buoyant, weightless way—not a jot of bulk but lots of moving-around room inside. Inside and out: chamois-coloured wool and perfect little welt-like seams. By Originala, of Anglo wool loomed in America; about \$250. De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's. Yellow kidskin hat: Irene of New York. The unlined jacket comes to the three-piece suit, *above*—blue-sky wool turning to blue-and-beige Tattersall checks; blue blouse and skirt. By Jack Sarnoff, \$275. Bergdorf Goodman. Emme hat. Tattersall comes to the unlined coat, *far right*—blue and beige checks double-faced in pale blue and slipped over a slim little Tattersall dress. By Stanley Nelson, of Agnona wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer. Blue leather canotier, by Emme. Both pages: Marvella earrings, at Bloomingdale's. The gloves by Van Raalte.





unlined  
tailoring  
comes  
to town





**C**heck this: the unlined coat, nine-tenths length, skirt to match the facing. Adds up to a great spring look. Flag-wave of Tattersall wool, left, red-white-and-blue on one side, navy on the other—a straight, buttonless, bias-yoked coat cut short to show a smidge of its navy-blue skirt. Coat: Vogue Pattern 6583. Carletex wool. Canotier by Emme. A light little snip of nine-tenths coat, right, yellow-checked shock-orange wool with a mandarin collar on a yoke. Orange on the inside: the face that matches the panel-front skirt. Coat: Vogue Paris Original Model 1483, designed by Guy Laroche. Herlinger-Carletex fabric. Hat by Mr. John. Both pages: skirts, Vogue Pattern 6234. Fabrics, bonded by Coin, at Gimbels. Gloves by Kislav, at Best & Co. *Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 50.*





unlined  
tailoring  
comes  
to town  
VOGUE PATTERNS



# “young and you’re nervous”

A STORY BY ANN BIRSTEIN

EDITOR’S NOTE: A green-eyed blonde with the pretty voice of a wide-eyed child, Ann Birstein is married, lives in New York, and has written, as well as articles and short stories, three novels. The first, *Star of Glass*, she started in college. The second, *The Troublemaker*, was published in 1955, “the year I had a book and a baby.” Her third novel, *The Sweet Birds of Gorham*, from which this excerpt was taken, will be published later this month by David McKay Co. It tells the story of Daisy, a shiny, young teacher dropped among the caustic reagents of the campus at Gorham College. The novel ends happily, unhappily? Miss Birstein and her editor at McKay disagree.

It was a cold night, beautifully harvest moonish, with a nip of frost and a touch of pumpkin in the air. Footsteps made muffled echoes on the empty campus like the faint romantic clip-clop of carriage horses returning late from the ball. Shivering with the unexpected happiness of it, Daisy thrust her arm through George Auerbach’s. In spite of her careful upbringing, she had always loved the feel of a man close by, especially in cold weather. Unfortunately the man appeared to think otherwise, since with an odd pensive look in her direction, the poet-in-residence carefully detached the new teacher from his sleeve like a beetle.

“Oh, well,” Daisy said, “it was a nice party anyway. Or do you hate that word?”

Silence. Overhead, a full moon hinted of werewolves and possible danger.

“I suppose you’ve all been friends for years and years? Personally, I wasn’t too keen on the dogs, but then I never do know whether it’s their fault or mine. The dogs, I mean.”

The answer was a puff of soundless breath condensing into white vapour in the air.

Daisy’s happiness began to yield to a faint chill of the heart. It occurred to her that her knowledge of the ground rules for this sort of thing was very shaky. Perhaps a midnight walk in the country demanded the same fraught and impassioned silence as dancing. Well, no matter. The coldness of the air excited her cheeks, the man excited the rest of her. Oh, kiss me, kiss me, my exhilarating Auerbach. No? Then perhaps Elm Street would uncoil itself endlessly, so that it would take them the rest of the night to get home.

“They’re a bunch of hypocrites and hyenas,” he said suddenly. “Academic hillbillies. How old are you, anyway?”

“Twenty-two. How old are you?”

“Don’t be impertinent.”

“Sorry.”

“Oh, the hell with it,” he said, absently putting her hand in his pocket and proceeding to walk so rapidly that Daisy, loosely attached, jogged along bumpily behind him. A few steps further on, however, his shoulders began to droop a little. He paused and gave Daisy that peculiar distracted glance of his, as if the sight of her had interrupted his thinking. Daisy smiled, a smile of the blackest despair. Her dearest wish was that he would stop making unilateral decisions. If only he—if only. . . . A short period of darkness. A blinding flash of light. A startlingly distinct impression of having been thoroughly and lewdly kissed. . . . Or had she? Her lover (?) had started down the street again, pulling her by the hand. She delicately explored her lips with the tip of her tongue. Fire. Fire and ice.

“Miss Lerner?” Once more she stopped dead in her tracks.

“Yes, sir?”

“Are you a great lover of music?”

“*Passionate.*”

“Would you like to hear some now?”

“Oh, yes,” Daisy said. “Yes, yes, yes . . . only—where will we find a concert at this hour?”

“In my apartment.”

His apartment? Ah. For a moment, all the ugly faces of suspicion leered together. They had arrived at 69 Elm Street. Together they entered the dour old house in which they both lived and walked up the first flight of stairs. And then as Daisy gave a last backward glance toward her own door, a floor below his, and lifted her chin—no, fold your wings, cold reason, sweet joy enfold us both—together they mounted the next flight.

“Well, how do you like it?” George Auerbach said, plucking a Benzedrine inhaler from a crowded mantelpiece and explaining it as the result of a recent drafty reading at Mt. Holyoke. “The joys of country living,” he said with a short bitter laugh. “I advise flannel underwear.”



She tried to smile back, but with a little difficulty, since for the moment desire, pink flowers unpetalling, all seemed to have fled, and she was seeing things with the awful clarity of a girl who is about to embark on a step that will change her whole life, or with no luck not change her life at all. As he watched her over a distended nostril, she glanced around at what appeared to be a storeroom of books and papers punctuated by occasional small islands of furniture. The large oval table in the centre of the room was piled high under the coffee cup and bottle of milk of magnesia which served as paperweights, and more papers and more books were falling over each other on the Indian throw rug that covered the daybed, in addition to the piles of books and boxes of Kleenex strewn across the floor. Even the fireplace was cluttered with last Sunday's *Times* and crumpled sheets of yellow paper which had been typed on in short lines. Only the windows struck an incongruous, almost jarringly false note because somebody had hung them with curtains.

"What's the matter, are you worried because I don't have slip-covers too? . . . Here, take a seat."

She was still wearing her coat. George Auerbach (no, under the circumstances oughtn't she to call him George?) had already discarded his as well as his jacket and tie, and turned on a record that was already in the phonograph.

"Where?"

"What? Oh, here." He swept off the daybed, unearthing a large bottle of Bourbon. "Would you like a drink?"

"No, thank you."

"'No, thank you,'" he repeated in a mincing voice. With a shrug, he poured himself a shot and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, looking at her closely the whole time.

"It still kills me that he's dead," Daisy said. "Doesn't it you?"

"That who's dead?"

"Mozart," she said, indicating the phonograph. "Every time I hear that quintet I have such a sense of personal loss, of youth wrenched from its—"

"No," George said.

"I beg your pardon?"

He shook his head. "Look, sweetheart, I realize you're young and you're nervous. But take my advice. Don't ever get fanciful about art, even if you're alone with a man, because art is a very serious—." He yawned and poked a finger down around the back of his collar—"Listen, baby, maybe it would be better all around if you went home now. To tell you the truth, if I don't shake this cold pretty soon I won't be good for a damn thing in the morning . . . by which I mean my work." He paused and looked at her questioningly. "Or am I mistaken in assuming that you're familiar with it?"

"Familiar with your work?" Daisy repeated. She laughed. "Well, actually not, to be honest about it. Though what little I've read does seem to strike a chord of. . . . Anyhow," she added quickly, "I don't want to go home. I just got here."

"I'm thinking of your good, too, believe me."

"So am I."

George smiled, rather wearily. He pulled up a chair and straddled it, looking into Daisy's face directly. "Listen, sweetheart, a few facts. I am forty-one years old. I have been legally separated, though not divorced for five years. I have a ten-year-old son. I also write that poetry you've read a little bit of. It's my whole life, and the only thing in this world I give a damn about. As an authority on the subject, consult my wife. Ex. Almost."

"So?"

"So none of this makes you wary?"

"Why should it? Whatever you are, you are."

"I see. And do you always accept people so readily?"

"If I love them."

"And you're under the impression that you love *me*?"

"I know it. I realized it this evening."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Excuse me," Daisy said, rather coldly. "But it's you who are being ridiculous, not to say unkind. I ought to know whether I love someone or not."

"But how could you possibly—?" he began, and when Daisy opened her mouth to interrupt, held up his hand for silence. "No, wait. This is really a hell of an argument to be having at this hour under these circumstances. I'm beginning to think your generation is even farther out than they say. Just a minute—let me turn this damn Mozart off first."

With an air of exasperation, he reached behind him to click off the phonograph, and still exasperated he caught Daisy by the back of the head and kissed her.

"Go home," he said.

"I won't."

"You're being absurd. What do you know about love, anyway? What in all your silly innocence gives you the right to lay claim to it? A tingly feeling in your groin on a warm spring day? Some romantic novel you've read? A scene from a sexy movie? A predicament you want to get out of?"

"Then give me the right," Daisy said.

"I'll make you suffer."

"Well?"

"And you're frightened too. I can tell."

"I'm not frightened."

"You're shivering."

"I'm cold."

"No, don't be *cold*," he said, "don't be *cold*," and caught her in his arms. As if he were hurrying to warm her, he gently stripped down the jacket, the dress, the slip, until they were all tumbled about her waist, and she sat there whitely swaying, like a young ear of corn bared of its husk. ". . . oh, my God, you really are beautiful, aren't you? When you hang your head like that, you're a yellow flower . . . skinny, much too skinny . . . but so lovely."

She caught his head against her.

"I love your hair too. It's black and silver."

"Father image."

"My father is bald."

"Listen, can't you shut up?" he murmured pleadingly against her skin. "I'm trying to make love to you . . . and you're so taut and lovely . . . a little Etruscan statue. No, a little Renaissance Madonna." He drew back with a sudden look of horror. "My God—*are* you?"

"Am I what?"

"Don't play dumb."

Daisy hesitated. A hesitation so unworthy of the moment she almost wept with shame.

"Not exactly."

"What does that mean?"

"Twice before."

"Two times or two people?"

"Two people."

George laughed out loud. "Oh, my sweet (Continued on page 159)





# WHAT'S WITH IT

Geometry's in solid—black and white super-rings circle and square the ears, the fingers. *Left:* Squaring the circle—two huge pairs of black and white circle-in-the-squares dropped at right angles to each other, design-counter-design. On hand—either hand—odd-ball and odd-long super-rings; all mad, noisy, black and white—no two alike. *Right:* Odd-ball super-rings go bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce on ears and fingers as black and white play ball with Euclid. Geometric originals designed by Ingeborg/Georgio for Richelieu. Altman's; Bullock's, Pasadena.







WHAT'S  
WITH IT



**Left:** Wee small-hour tote in any-hour hound's-tooth—black, brown, white linen. Bagatelle.

\$24. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. With it every time—train conductor's watch.

By Wakmann. With it and swinging the whole look—braided leather fob; black, white, tasselled.

By Colony. Timely glove: comes on nylon, comes off white leather.

Crescendoe-Superb.

Bloomingdale's.

**Right:** Nonstop rings: fake diamonds, fake pearls, real blue enamel. Robert Originals.

\$8 to \$13. Lord & Taylor.

Getting the upper hand here:

Tattersall cotton glove, red and blue zigzagging white. Hansen.

Bloomingdale's. Going great circles about the body—vinyl and gilt. Flag-blue, above, \$5; Bloomingdale's.

Turquoise-blue, below, \$7; Saks

Fifth Avenue. Both, Calderon.









**W** HAT'S  
ITH IT



**Above:** Get-with-it colours—red, white, and blue. Bracelets: tricolour trio—enamel, punched, laced. Bergère. \$6, each. Best & Co. The belt: tricolour ribbon stripes. By Canterbury; \$4. Bloomingdale's. In full swing again, the braided fob. Colony, of Fleming-Joffe leather. \$5. Lord & Taylor. All up to the minute with the R.R. watch. Wakmann. \$40. Macy's. **Left:** X marks the spot of the shoulder-satchel, white capeskin trellising green. Greta. \$43. Off guard and on wrist—golden guard-ring links, three bracelets full. Monet. \$25, each. These and the satchel at Lord & Taylor. Added punch—the eyeleted gloves. By Kayser, of white Du Pont nylon. \$3. At Arnold Constable. **Right:** What's up, up, up—stainless steel watch high-timing the arm. By Omega; \$165. Saks Fifth Avenue. Watch-band aid: wide white perforated. Ben-King, of Fleming-Joffe leather. \$13. Lord & Taylor. Navy-blue-and-white cotton shirt stripes. Ship 'n Shore. About \$5. Macy's; Famous-Barr.







Continuing the story (which began, March 1, in these pages) of the small young shape-makers—cut down, cut in, cut up and around.... Their aim in life: To stay out of sight under slim, skin-baring clothes. To keep clear of cutouts. To open the way for all the zippy slants and strips of a neckline, a back, a new low-cut armhole. And—though these cool little garments never show, weigh in like fluff, and feel like a nimble bit of nothing on—they're brisk as young muscles, do a sensational job of firming and forming. The small shape-maker stretched out across these pages, a brassière and garter-belt combination. With: Wide-set straps and cut-down front, for deep bare necklines. Sides cut extremely low, for scooped-out armholes. Back cut to a deep U. The lightest dab of half-padding, underwiring. A marvellous hug of slimming control. Four long, adjustable stretch garters. The whole thing, nude-colour; in power net of nylon and Lycra, nylon lace. By Gossard; \$10 at Macy's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. The coiffure here, by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.

# SMALL STARTS— FOR SMALL CLOTHES







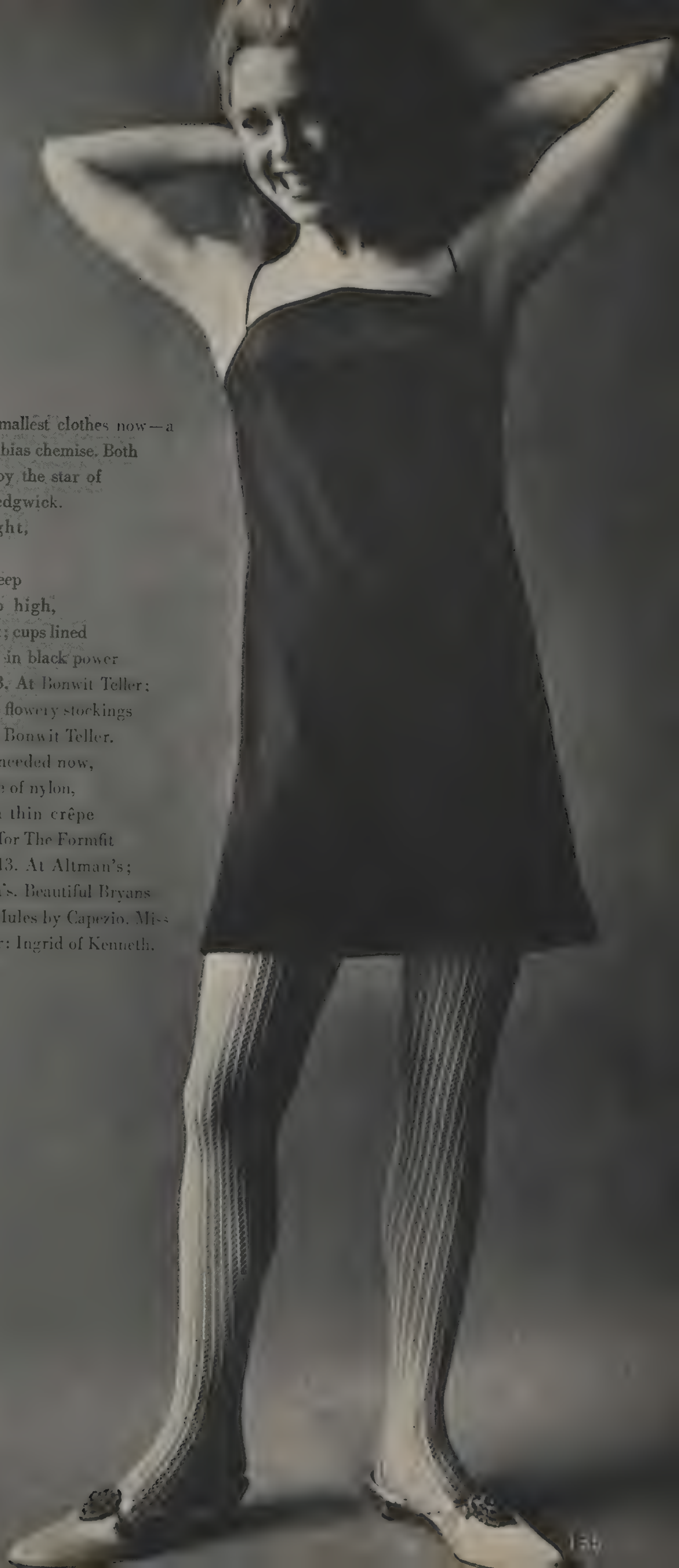




To wear under the smallest clothes now—a small-in-one, a little bias chemise. Both in black here, and worn by the star of pop-art movies—Edith Sedgwick.

Small shaper, left—light, unconstructed, an all-in-one with wide-set straps, deep décolletage, legs cut up high, stretch garters. Low V back; cups lined in foam rubber. By Venus, in black power net made with Lycra; \$13. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. White flowery stockings by Givenchy; to order at Bonwit Teller. Bias chemise-slip, right, needed now, and news here. Black crêpe of nylon, silk, and polyester, with thin crêpe straps. By Pauline Trigère for The Formfit Designers Collection; \$13. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's. Beautiful Bryans stockings: Bonwit Teller. Mules by Capezio. Miss Sedgwick's Alice-in-W. hair: Ingrid of Kenneth.

EDITH SEDGWICK  
WEARS SMALL STARTS  
FOR SMALL CLOTHES



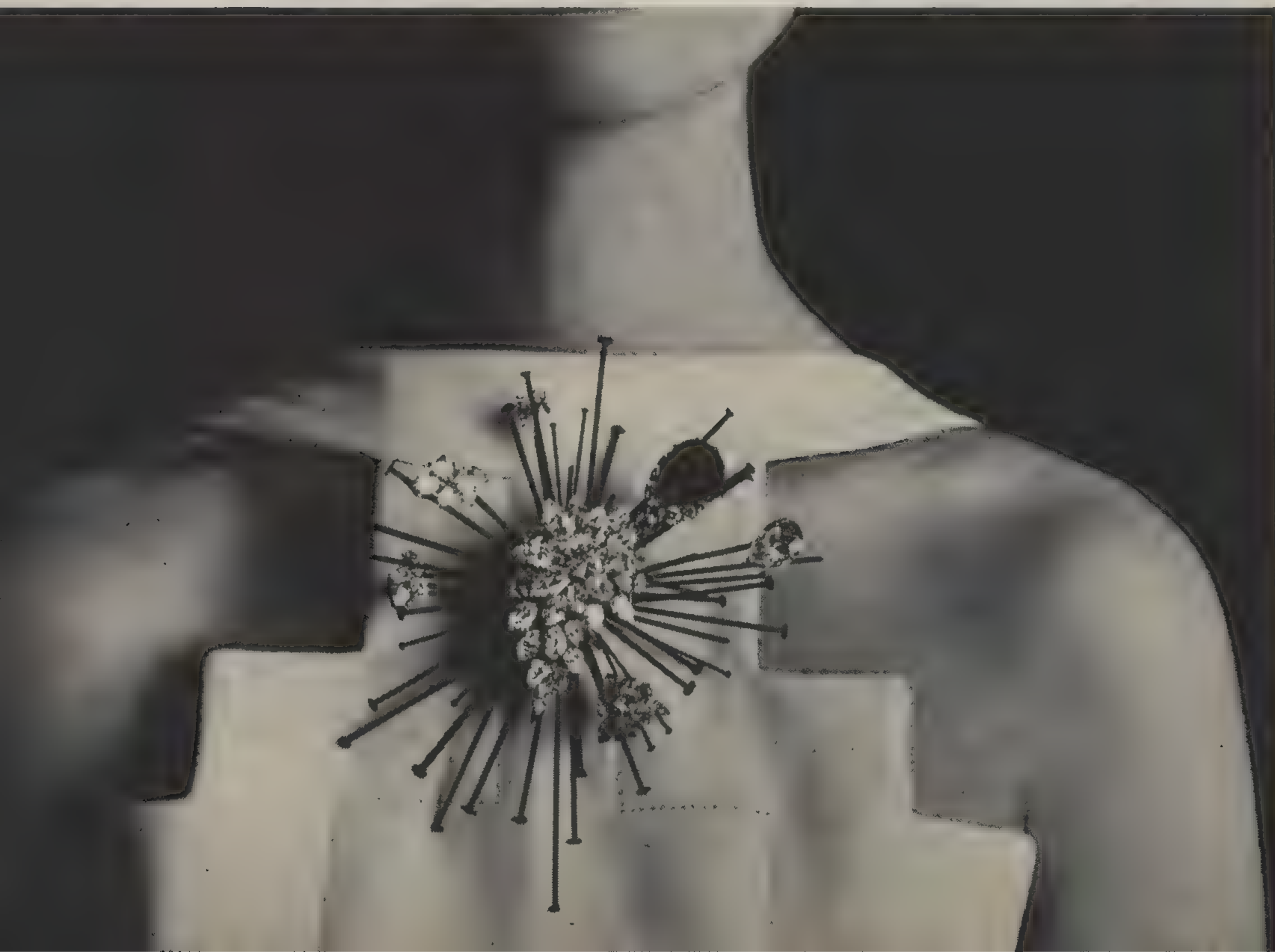


INTERNATIONAL  
BEAUTY NOTES  
FOR  
INTERNATIONAL  
BEAUTIES

BEAUTY  
*bulletin*

**T**he diet train doesn't stop in Paris anymore. Cabled one international beauty from her headquarters in Paris: "No more diets. Eat. Eat. As fashion reveals entire body, women can't be skinny. But now they care for skin of body as they once cared only for skin of face." . . . Big question everywhere is what to do about knees and kneecaps now that kneecap-baring skirts are the accepted length. "Everyone has a 'fabulous recipe,'" continues Paris correspondent. "RéGINE of New Jimmy's rubs her knees very hard in boiling tub, then applies ice to them." Salons everywhere say exercises for knees and upper arms rank highest on most-asked-for list. In Rome, recipe of Donna Virginia Borghese: lie with head dropped backwards over edge of bed; hold cushion between knees; press cushion thirty times daily. . . . London reports: "Diet here has simmered down to serious health-food-eating—the Marquess of Londonderry serves only health foods at dinner parties." But big kick is beauty-cure farms. Newest "farm" will open in Sussex in "stately Georgian house reoutfitted with everything it takes to make big try for total skin-and-health perfection." . . . London and Paris both consider a thin suntan year-round must for clothes. "Essential for fashion," Paris opinion. Designed for purpose of making honey-coloured skin possible all year for English blondes is a busy Knightsbridge solarium. . . . Madrid has different view. Celebrated beauty reports: Avoiding sun on face at all costs. Even younger women including Marquesa de Belvis ordering parasols. Should become rage in Marbella this summer. . . . Newest makeup in Paris: tanner foundation with rosy face powder, plus diagonal slash of brownish blusher from mouth straight up to ear-tip—said to make skin more translucent, give face more smile. . . . Hair remains romantic; exceptions noted right. . . .

*shoulders décolleté* Stepped-up neckline, bare shoulders. Reason enough to explain the rush toward exercises with weights. With dumbbells, for instance, which exercise experts say provide the quickest way to shape up the upper arm. Dress of white wool by Cardin. Jewel: honest-to-carpenter nails painted black and bedded down with diamonds. By Cardin. Executed by Harry Winston.



*Alexandre's  
piebald wig*

Here it is, the dear little, dangerous little thing: Alexandre's much publicized bi-coloured wig. Light-red and black, with a widow's peak pointed noseward like an owl's, this sort of thing could get out of hand if it fell into less than the best hands. Carita showed piebalds, too—in chiffon colours and to good effect. But other than this, Paris hair-news stopped few presses this season. . . . Most interesting hair change to come out of Paris happened not in the Collections, but alongside: Sassoon's acceptance of long hair as a fact of life, and his consequent firming up of "the deb straggle" (see next page). Both in Paris and in London now: fewer ornamental chignons appearing. But in Rome, recently, at a party given for Mrs. John F. Kennedy's visit there, one of the sensations was a chignon worn by Principessa Luciana Pignatelli—a waist-length chignon of fake hair rings coupled like children's paper chains; waist-length. . . . In the U. S. and in Rome, the big thing at night: blunted switches of Dynel fake hair, all geometry. . . .







# BEAUTY *bulletin*



## INTERNATIONAL EDITION

### *Plans for dark violet eyes: on, internationally*

Hooked on the idea of much more action in sunglasses: just about everyone who makes sunglasses, and just about everyone who wears them (in the United States alone, 180,000,000 pairs of sunglasses were sold last year—so that's rather a lot of everyones). Action at right is colour. Cushion-shaped frames of darkest violet in something as smooth and polished-looking as enamel. Fontana is the name of the shape; a shape so well-liked, internationally, that its maker—Renauld International—has been driven into doing the same frame in vine-leaf green, red-lacquer red, and black as well. Made in the Dolomites (this is the Klondike of sunglasses riches) Fontanas have been shipped all over the U.S.A.; are wearable here right now. Wearable with, for instance, red, white, and blue Tattersall pants and navy top, both by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. Pants of rayon, cotton, and silk, about \$25; top of knitted acetate, about \$18. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Belt on which the *sunglasses* are hooked: beige leather and brass—by Ben-King at Bonwit Teller.



### *ostrich-flutter lashes*

These swept in across the Atlantic in an airmail envelope: a pair of ostrich-feather eyelashes by a hairdresser called Antonio de Paris. We take no view on the question of wearability. What reached us was this fact: the feather-trimming of eyes has spread from the U.S. to Europe and back. Momentum.

### *give or take a few inches, it's still Sassoon*

The stopper is the hair-news photographed above at left: the authentic Vidal Sassoon cut, same sense of proportion as always, same geometry as always—but now cut a whole lot longer. Keeping his secret in a wig-box, Sassoon chose to take the lid off in Paris where the world fashion-press was gathered for the Collections. Nonetheless, Ungaro, for whose showings Sassoon did the hair again this season, chose to use only the shorter cut. And seeing it presented again made a strong impression all over again: Vidal's famous short cut (see left) has a long way to go before it runs out of gas. A monumental influence, it's still great. (In the U.S., of course, it's done at Vidal Sassoon-Charles of the Ritz.)













INTERNATIONAL  
EDITION

# BEAUTY *bulletin*



Here's a funny thing. The hairdresser responsible for the cut above—or, rather, hairdressers, plural (Vergottini of Milan is in fact a corps of seven hairdressers whose policy is share-and-share-alike in the matter of credit)—did this slick, sharp, geometric cut, and then added an enormous query to it. A query in the shape of what has to be the largest earring on record; a question-mark fashioned of black-and-white plastic. (That's it, circling the ear and doing some dangling below.) Op-mad, as indeed lots of the clothes-world continues to be, the Vergottinis worked out everything, including the makeup, in patterns of black and white. . . . Trend marked by the question mark: the new crossing-over in the fields of fashion. Hairdressers doing jewellery. Jewellers designing hairpieces. Milliners making sunglasses. And, of course, clothes designers launching a face-look along with their clothes.

*small haircut,  
giant earring*

## *Makeup made more romantic*

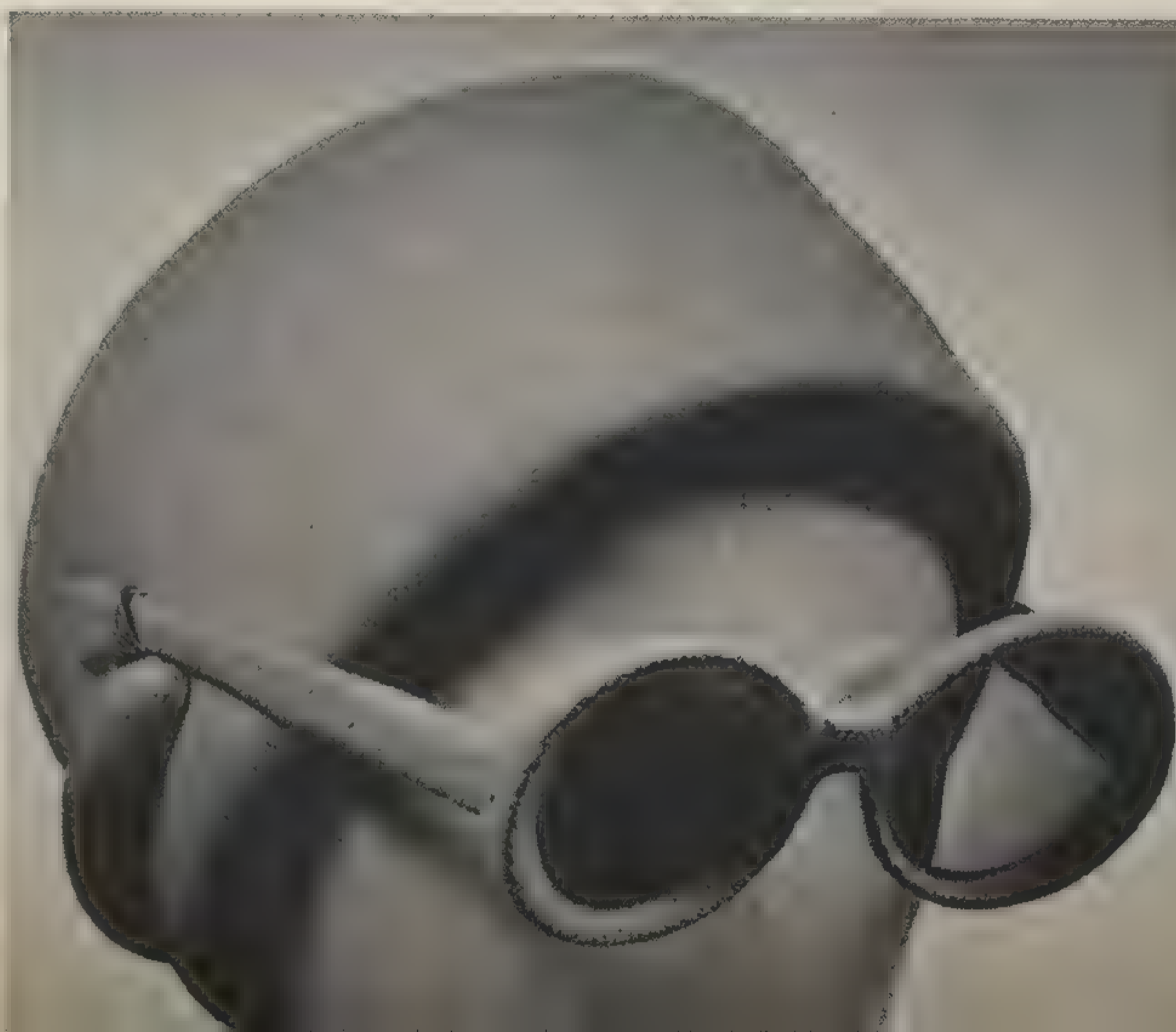
What's important about what may appear to be a rather simple beauty statement is not just the statement itself, but its source. The makeup at left was done by Elizabeth Arden's hugely influential face-designer, Pablo. And Pablo is, in his own words, "only thinking now of ways to make the face very pretty, very romantic."

We gather he has tired of doing spectaculars; what do you think of *that*? What Miss Arden thinks is that it takes a new lipstick.

And so, here is Sea Orchid Light—which, along with its companion shade, Sea Orchid Dark, is bent on making the make-the-face-prettier idea happen. For this primavera photograph, Pablo did the hair up in forty tiny braids and tipped each with a fresh, dewy rose. . . . The new lipsticks: everywhere, beginning at Bonwit Teller.

## *headbanded sunglasses, fabric frames*

"All in one" is what the Italian designer, Biki, calls these doings of hers—wide, almost hat-depth headbands with their own sunglasses attached; the sunglasses framed in fabric to match the semi-hat. All in one at left: coarse beige wool plus option—you can swing the specs up any time you want an un-sunglassed view (they sit on the headband as attractively as they do on the nose). All in one at right, dimensional wool with an antenna to keep the sunglasses before your eyes every minute, without any side help from what is technically known as "temples." As you no doubt guessed, these came from the new Italian collections. But the idea of radically different ways to go about the wearing of sunglasses is everywhere (reference: the film, *The Tenth Victim*).







# HOUSE OF THE HAPPY SPIRIT

THE THAI HOUSE OF AN AMERICAN, JAMES H.W. THOMPSON, IN BANGKOK

Mr. Thompson's open, breezy house and opulent garden exploit Bangkok's always warm, often wet climate. *Above:* A view from the house across the garden to a small house Mr. Thompson had built to hold a series of Siamese paintings made around 1860 for missionaries and found by Mr. Thompson in New York. *Right:* The living room, walled and pillared in teak. In Siamese architecture, the walls and pillars slant inward slightly, "more interesting," Mr. Thompson said, "than Western four-square walls." An old, gilded Siamese bed stands under a Victorian chandelier. *Left:* One of the brilliant lorikeets that live in the bird-house with cockatoos, including pet, white "Cocky."









# HOUSE OF THE HAPPY SPIRIT







*This page:* The bird-feeding house carefully out of the shadow of the main building, where Mr. Thompson's household spirit lives and is waited on by his Thai servants. *Left:* This beautiful, age-softened statue of the Buddha in his garden possibly dates to the sixth century, A.D. It may be, Mr. Thompson said, "the earliest statue of this kind found so far in Southeast Asia."





HENRY CLARKE

## HOUSE OF THE HAPPY SPIRIT

In Thailand, where colour beats on colour, birds outcry their plumage, and cottages are hedged with orchids, all houses have spirits. When James H. W. Thompson ("Everyone calls me Jim, even taxi drivers") built his airy house in tropic Bangkok, he provided a smaller one, duly consecrated, for the household spirit. This spirit has a family tree two thousand years long and a Sanskrit name almost equally long. Apparently Mr. Thompson chose well, for Mr. Thompson, his house, and even Bangkok have flourished for the last twenty years through his presence in Thailand. Mr. Thompson's name is as unreservedly related to Thai silks as the Smith Brothers were to cough drops. After World War II, when he moved to the country with which he had fallen in love at first sight, he, in particular, brought about the development of the Thai silk-weaving industry, its Jack's-beanstalk export sales, and the inventive hypo-ing of the already glorious Thai colours and designs. His success in Thailand was so apparent the Burmese government asked him, through the U.N., to help their textile (Continued on page 151)

*Top, left:* In Mr. Thompson's study, a tiger-skin rug, Ming painted glass screen, Siamese paintings on the wall. *Top, right:* Three bronze Cambodian figures made in the twelfth or early thirteenth century for the tops of flagpoles carried in parades. *Below, left:* Backed by an early nineteenth-century Burmese tapestry is part of Mr. Thompson's large collection of porcelain, covered bowls made in China from Siamese design for export to Siam. *Below, right:* The hands of the houseboy, Yee, arranging flowers in pincushiony Thai style. *Right:* In the open porch off Mr. Thompson's bedroom is, in the left corner, a wooden sculpture of a king in Burmese costume, found in Northern Siam. On a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl stands a fourteenth-century bronze Hindu god. In the right corner, a fourteenth-century sandstone figure of the Buddha with two disciples, placed on a mouse palace, i.e., a palace, now uninhabited, for royal Chinese white mice.











*The first fame of Robert Osborn is as a slashing, stinging, angry cartoonist whose works hang in museums, including The Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Detroit Institute of Arts. (He is a calm, handsome, and reasonable man with a furious mind.) Instantly recognizable: the Osborn men with mouths like claw hammers. Those men have shown up, infuriated, in the Osborn books, Osborn on Leisure and The Vulgarians. No artist expressed more savagely the feeling of outrage at President Kennedy's murder than Osborn in a series of paintings, "Assassinations," exhibited in 1964 at New York's Downtown Gallery. At the Osborns' hilltop house, above, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn. A vital, attractive woman with many interests, Mrs. Osborn has run a film society in Connecticut for fourteen years, has lived with art all her life, spent twelve years as Director of Travelling Exhibitions at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. "Elodie has made us a life of considerable beauty," said Osborn. Of her husband of twenty-two years, Elodie Osborn said: "He was the first man to ask about me. That's why I married him."*





Robert Osborn, the American artist, met me at the door of his Connecticut house with an enormous smile, arms spread in welcome. "Come look at my wonderful stove," he said, leading me into an airy kitchen where he introduced me to his wife, Elodie, and demonstrated the workings of his fat-bellied, cream-coloured Aga, Sweden's famous coal-burning stove. "Much stronger heat . . . wonderful with vegetables . . . for searing . . . for omelettes . . . just stoke it once a day," said Osborn. Set out on the thick wood counter next to the stove were glasses; in each one two raw eggs and some *fines herbes*: the materials for the omelettes Robert Osborn planned to make for lunch. In contrast to his wife, who wore a dark-brown Marimekko and spoke tranquilly, Robert Osborn wore dazzling white and shot off words like firecrackers—a man well matched to his house which is white, bright with red-and-black Calder mobiles and Osborn's own scorching drawings. As the eggs marinated, we talked.

"I learned how to cook an omelette when I was an art student in France," he said, "from a French girl who was going to the Cordon Bleu. I roll it in the pan—and sometimes cook it almost away from the fire if the skillet gets too hot. The great thing is to do it swiftly and make it *baveuse* . . . wet . . . juicy . . .

"I come from Wisconsin. My father was a lumberman there and we had a nice big house and a Danish cook, and my mother cared about food and paid attention. When the Depression came, my family was absolutely cleaned out, so the servants were let go and we started to do our own cooking. I think this was all to the good. If I had inherited that money, I wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel. I would have ended up on the rocks at Cap d'Antibes. Anyway, when I married Elodie, I cooked better than she did. But now—she is a superb cook, far better than I am. We enjoy the food here so much we hate to go out to any nearby restaurant. Can you imagine? We have been talking to each other three meals a day for twenty years. So few human beings I see do this."

I asked Robert Osborn about the game recipes for which he and Mrs. Osborn are famous. "My two sons and I enjoy shooting," he said, "ducks, partridge, pheasant—you should see us crawling on our stomachs. The modesty of it; it's not like in Scotland where the bearer hands you your gun, and the bird dog fetches. . . . Here's an interesting thing about refrigerating birds. I used to hang them on a tree and see them suddenly go too far and turn green. So now I put the birds as is, in a paper sack, in the bottom of the refrigerator. They stay there about thirteen days—then we either eat them or freeze them. . . . No, you don't clean the birds and you don't pluck them either. The feathers give a certain perfume to the flesh and keep it from drying. If we want to give a dinner party, we take two or three birds out of the freezer and just before dinner I sit out in the garden there and pluck them. . . .

"We find partridge such delightful meat that we cook it very simply. Salt and pepper, a little Madeira. No more than thirteen minutes. It's just pale pink when you cut it—(Continued on next page)

# ELODIE AND ROBERT OSBORN

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD  
BY NINETTE LYON



and it fades on your tongue. You can do pheasant that way or in a casserole—with cream and brandy. And I have a delectable recipe for duck, cut in thin strips like anchovy filets, fried for just a minute. . . . For all of these, of course, you need a good wine. Talking of wine, how about some lunch? I have a nice Italian Soave on ice for you. . . .”

The scenery changed. We were now sitting outside under a maple tree enjoying the view and a lovely luncheon: cold sorrel soup, omelette *fines herbes*, salad, cheese, strawberries. The conversation continued. . . . “I did some drawings on drinks once,” Osborn said, “a whole book which was never published. It was called *Drink, Its Joys and Sorrows*. Drink goes together with eating and sex—I think it is just an actual enjoyment of everything you know.

“I also did a series on taste which had such things as ‘How citrus feels in your mouth.’ This is what I am best at. How does something *feel* . . . what’s the emotion . . . the fear. I drew a lemon with a face on it, and terrible little teeth coming together like that. . . .

And my garlic was really quite funny—you see a big fat man with a little hideous greeny-brown taste coming out of his mouth and going all the way down . . . enough to give you ulcers. . . . I had ulcers when I was thirteen years old. Now I have no stomach. (This is going to be charming in your article!) And during the War I was scared—all the time—I had just married Elodie—and I thought I would never get back to her—I was on an aircraft carrier, and where I slept was under the sea and there were Japanese submarines around. The ulcers were getting bigger and bigger. I will tell you something about ulcers. I think that most people who have them, particularly men, are aggressive people. And yet, we also long to be protected. We want you women to be holding us.”

As he talked, Robert Osborn put an arm around Elodie’s shoulder, and watching this well-fed, well-married man, I decided that the French saying: “On tient un homme par son estomac” should be reversed: “The road to a man’s stomach is his heart.”

Four of the Osborns’ recipes follow.

**Pheasant in Cream  
for two**

1 pheasant  
1 tablespoon brandy  
2 cups heavy cream  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sweet butter  
1 tablespoon fumet  
Salt and pepper

Season the pheasant inside with salt and pepper. Brown it in a skillet with a little of the butter. Transfer to a casserole, add the rest of the butter, cook in a 400° oven for 20 minutes, basting often. Mrs. Osborn said: “In books they say 30 to 35 minutes, but we never do it that long.” Remove the pheasant from the casserole and put brandy, fumet, and cream in the pan. Cook for 3 or 4 minutes to reduce the sauce. Cut the bird up, put it back in the casserole, and serve.

Robert Osborn makes the fumet with the livers and hearts of the birds and sometimes a wing (but never the gizzards), plus carrots, onions, bay leaves, chicken consommé or birds’ bones broth.

**Chicken with Walnuts  
for four**

2 broilers of 2½ pounds each  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  pound butter  
4 shallots, finely chopped

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup walnuts  
Salt and pepper

Quarter the chickens, season with salt and pepper, and rub with lemon. Melt butter in a large skillet; when the butter bubbles, brown chicken pieces quickly on both sides for about 10 to 12 minutes. Add finely chopped shallots; cook 2 to 3 minutes. Then add wine and cover the pan. Continue cooking on rather low fire.

Roast the walnuts in the oven and dust them with salt. Five minutes before the chicken is done, add the walnuts in the pan. The chicken should cook altogether 30 to 35 minutes, depending on its tenderness.

**Game Salad  
for four**

There is no game in this salad, but it is served with it.

2 navel oranges  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  bunch watercress  
2 endives  
4 sprigs fresh tarragon, chopped

The dressing:  
3 tablespoons olive oil  
1 tablespoon brandy  
1 pinch sugar  
1 pinch cayenne  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

Slice oranges very thin. Arrange them on a bed of watercress and endives. Sprinkle with the dressing and add chopped tarragon.

**Wild Duck  
for four**

2 wild ducks  
6 tablespoons sweet butter  
Salt  
Freshly ground pepper  
1 cup wild rice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound mushrooms  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

To cook the rice, place it in 4 cups boiling, salted water. After the water comes to a boil again, cook the rice for 40 minutes over low heat. Drain. Remove the breasts from the birds to make 4 portions. Slice the raw breasts in strips like anchovy filets. Heat 3 tablespoons of the butter in a heavy frying pan. When very hot, sear the duck filets for 1½ minutes; turn and sear on the other side, sprinkling with salt and freshly ground pepper each time. Meanwhile, sauté cleaned, sliced mushrooms in remaining butter; this takes about 5 minutes on a quick fire, stirring occasionally. Mix mushrooms with the cooked wild rice. Pile duck on rice and sprinkle with parsley. Pour the pan juices over the duck.



## House of the Happy Spirit

(Continued from page 146)

industry. In the early 1950's he did. Now, in Thailand he employs three thousand workers (it takes six spinners and dyers to keep one weaver busy), who live in the silk-weavers' village which Mr. Thompson can see across the klong, or canal, from his house. There, among the cottages, every intense and incandescent colour of silk hangs drying, charging that part of Bangkok, with its predominant glow of gold, saffron, and white, with greater brilliance.

Mr. Thompson admires Thailand so deeply that he broke habit in Bangkok where the traditional Siamese architecture had not been used for years, and had constructed for himself a house the heart of which is a silk-weaver's house built around 1800. Altogether six small old houses, all made of carved teak, went into the structure and its outbuildings. Mr. Thompson altered pattern by including inner corridors and staircase, and modern bathrooms. He retained the high, peaked ceilings to encourage the fresh run of air, the screened but open porches, the spreading verandahs with marvellous flowers in Chinese porcelain jardinières above the voluptuous tropical garden. (Mr. Thompson's horticultural problem in Bangkok is controlling things, not growing them.)

For all the strength of the Thai that binds him, Mr. Thompson has in his house objects from other countries, any century: Burmese lacquer, Cambodian bronze, Ming, Belgian glass, and Victorian crystal chandeliers gleaming against the warm teak walls and red-painted ceilings. The mixture is singularly satisfactory, calm in its overall impression, exciting in detail—a formula applying equally to the luscious gardens which include a henna tree and, near the front door, a mythical Hong bird on a tall pole surrounded by mango trees, hibiscus, and gardenias, among which brilliant lorikeets and white cockatoos move like volant flowers.

Mr. Thompson has become one of the most important collectors of Southeast Asian art,

with a superb private collection, although many of the pieces he acquired are now in museums. His house, open to the public on certain days, comes up on all guided tours, and, through the proceeds of these tours, substantially supports a school for the blind.

His house fits Mr. Thompson like Batman's cape fits Batman. "Life is very easy," Mr. Thompson said, "no servant problem. In my household I have a cook, a Number One Boy, a maid, two gardeners, and a driver, all for what you would have to pay one cleaning woman in New York. They live in houses along the back of the compound."

Even the unbroken heat, which ranges from seventy to one hundred degrees, and the steamy, liquid air of the monsoon season roll harmlessly over him, although he has one air-conditioned bedroom for unconditioned guests.

When Mr. Thompson built his house in 1958, there were few old Siamese houses left. The obvious success of his return to this architecture is stamped by the fact that several more in the same style have been built since his.

Understandably, Mr. Thompson's house spirit must be pleased, although he has had his bleak moments. Mr. Thompson said: "One day I saw a tremendous lunch arranged in front of the spirit house on the dining-room table set with all the best Ming, and with a black umbrella over the chair to shade the spirit. There was roast duck and a large bottle of whiskey. I said, 'My God, what's happening?' It seems that the cook's wife had been run over by a *samlaw* (that's a pedicab), and the servants were afraid that they had not been taking good enough care of the spirit."

He continued, more generally: "The Thai are very friendly people, and since the country is underpopulated, there is little poverty. All you need here is a roof over you, a piece of cloth, some rice and fish, and you're set." As long as you have a happy spirit.



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## Instant Barbra

(Continued from page 70)

like a Javanese dancer, spelling out a mood with her fingertips, languidly lifting them, or pointing a long horrified finger at a heater that's about to burn up the dressing room, "Hey that's a heater with REAL fire in it." Her hands, like the rest of her, are so cleverly and expertly presented that they appear more beautiful than they are. Which makes them exquisite. Avedon takes the picture. She damns him with her eyes, but when he looks up her eyelashes are benevolently brushing her cheek.

\* \* \*

Four hours later she came back for more photographs: she was ill, quiet, and subdued. She had a stunned look on her face as though she couldn't believe *les choses* could ever turn against her now. She has lost weight already and it's noticeable. The glitter is low. Black mink coat, purple dress, and long alligator boots. Someone says, "What're your boots made of?" She looks at them anxiously for a long time, then shrugs without caring at all and without answering. She sits down in front of the dressing table. "My nose all goes to one side so I'll only do one cheek," she says wielding a blush-on brush in her hand. "That'll bring it back," says Avedon and their glances dare each other in the looking glass. She tells a story of how when she was eighteen a painter used to paint her face with real paint and it was then she learned about planes and shadows; then she became convinced her nose wasn't ugly. "Now I know how I look. I see everything in other people. Wrinkles, lines, you know. *Boing*." Her voice sounds as though she were snapping elastic. But she's ill and joking's out. Grimacing and clutching the stomach is in and everyone picks up her shattered words and examines them as if they were the last prospectors at a burnt-out gold mine. It's a bad prospect.

Avedon rushes in from the record player blasting out Streisand's own voice and says, "That's my favourite record, just listen to that *note*, it's the greatest, isn't it?"

(Continued on page 154)

# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

*Along about now, news from the Paris Collections makes itself felt across the U.S.A. Early models—landed. Initial copies—turned out. The rush to be first in line for a try-on—on. But clothes that hang on hangers aren't the only great wearables the French invent. They make Ready Beauty, too.*



The fascinating lady, at left, in that familiar suit (which, of course, she designed) is Coco Chanel by name. She is big for narrower sleeves this season, for a skirt with a slit or a kick pleat in back for greater mobility. She is big, as always, for the complete look—from hair to shoe, all in Chanel order. A straight ticket. So goes the Ready Beauty she has provided over the years. The celebrated No. 5, a case in point and in depth. Not only send-

ing forth the expected scented messages, but translated for every pre-, during-, and post-bath procedure. Chanel No. 5 bath oil, which works, too, as a shower oil. Ditto-scented bath soap, French-milled. After-bath spray. Chanel No. 5 bath powder. Squeeze-bottle talc. . . . The full treatment.

Note the man below. Young man by name of Yves Saint Laurent, photographed on his triumphal tour last autumn at the time his perfume called Y made the American scene (by very popular demand) accompanied, for introductory purposes, by M. Saint Laurent himself. . . . The Beauty made

Ready in the form of Y, a delicious medley of cypress, oak moss, jasmine, has gone over—over backs, fronts, hair, ear lobes, pulse spots, over wherever one of the more exciting perfumes in the world should go over, including the skins of some of the Most Perceptive People. . . . Y as in Yummy. . . .





See the gentleman and scholar, *right*? That's Robert Ricci, son of Nina Ricci and reigning brain behind a Nina Ricci concept of perfumery called Crème Parfumée. A milky, perfumed body lotion—*parfum au lait* is a tag we have pinned loosely on it. With two particulars about Crème Parfumée we are especially taken. One, the idea that healthy moisturizing is going on concurrently with the fragancing. . . . Two, the immediate and generous manner in which the scent is released. While a clear perfume takes a few moments to develop on a body, this lotion variety comes to life instantly and stays lively for quite some time. . . . There's a choice of three Nina Ricci flavours: L'Air du Temps, Coeur-Joie, and Capricci.



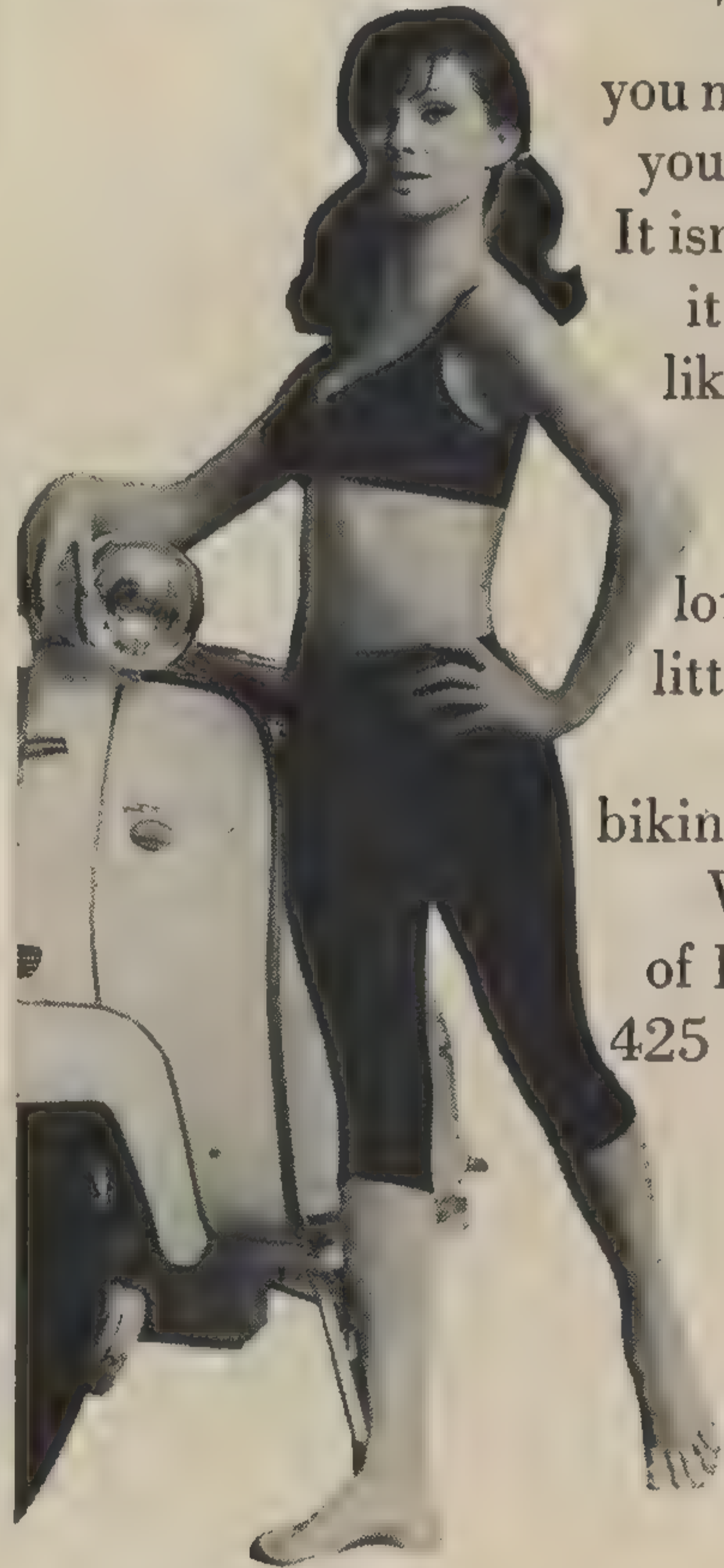
Intense young man *below*, Hubert de Givenchy, has extended the sweep and scope of his two well-loved fragrances. L'Interdit and Le De Givenchy have now been fastened firmly



in hair sprays. Very firmly, indeed, with more perfume essence to the ounce of spray than it was once thought possible to incorporate while still maintaining the functions of a coiffure-keeper. . . . Goes without saying that any matter wrapped up by Givenchy bears no resemblance to the can of peas on the pantry shelf. This one is a

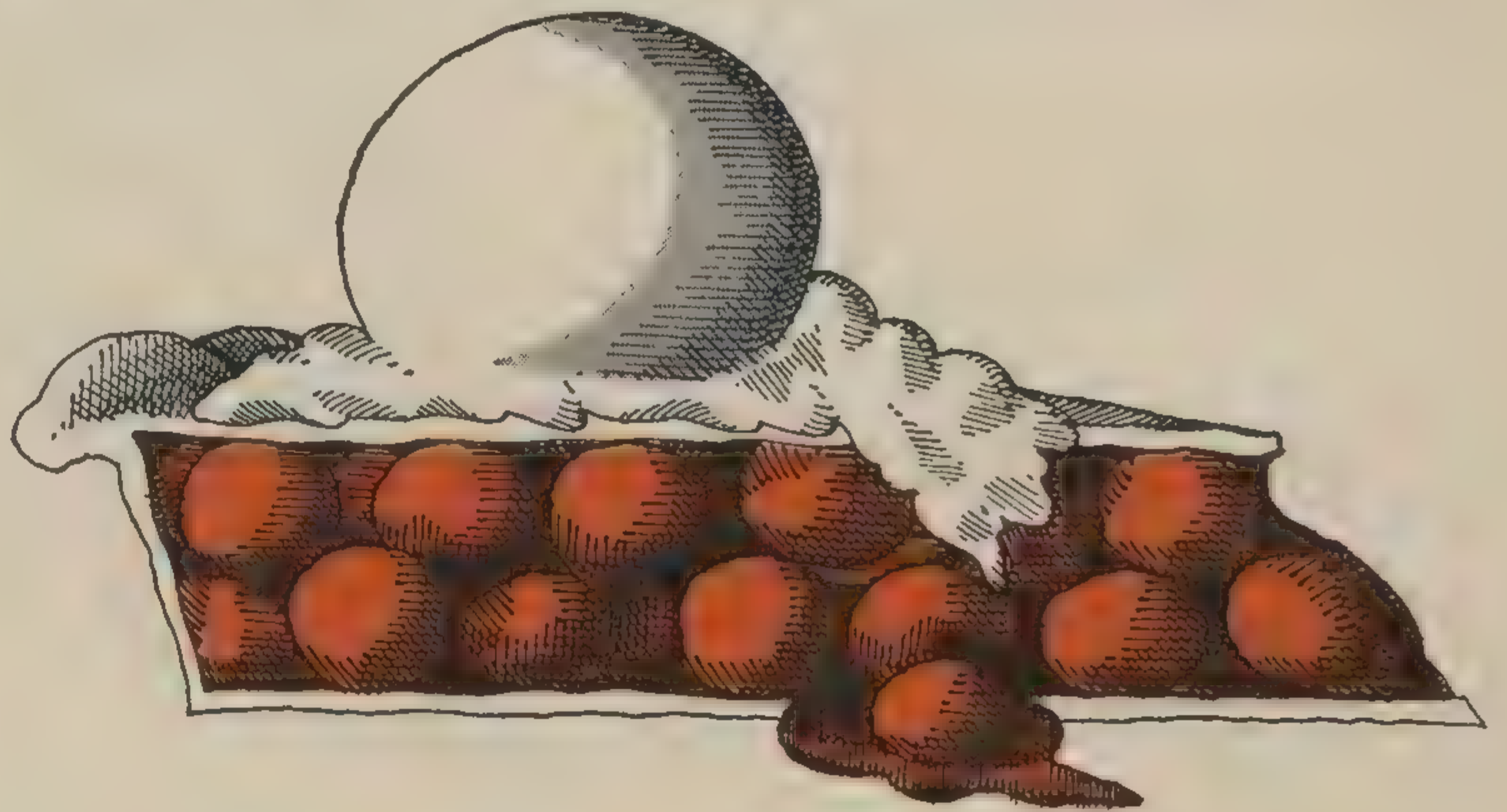
particularly striking production, a cool white-and-gold fluted column, meant to take up permanent residence on a dressing table. When spray's all gone, refill it—that's the plot.

## Put a "Wisp-On"<sup>®</sup> when a girdle is too much

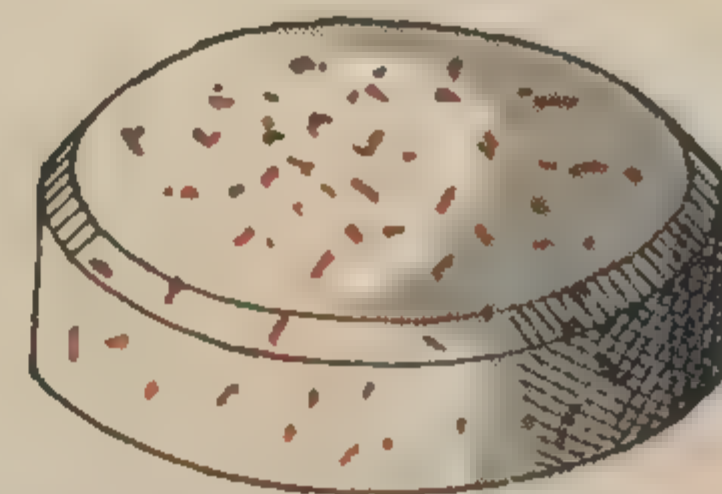


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## Instant Barbra

(Continued from page 152)

"I've never thought about it," she says. He plays it again and she listens, says, "I sure held it a long time. You know, I used to have a fight with the instrumentalist about who would end first. I said we should end together." They end together.

A small vendeuse, economic of body and movement, comes in bearing Saint Laurent's end-of-show fantasy—the bride's dress. It is like the Lady of Shalott's bier and Barbra climbs into it, peering over a thousand sprigs of lily of the valley, waiting until she has been trussed irrevocably into it—arms pinioned. Then blandly, "Imagine if I should throw up now?" She scuttles into the studio in bare feet, with this garden of flowers around her shoulder, looking as vulnerable as Ophelia.

On the record her voice rises sweetly to a crescendo. "Turn your body," says Avedon. "But that's my bad side. . . . I've got an itch in my nose. My hair is splitting. . . . At eighteen I dreamed of success and it was much easier because dreams were clear. When you reach success it's no longer exciting. You

have to learn and you learn it's never as good as the dream. It's sort of anti-climactic, you know? I don't think I'll ever have enough confidence. I'm never satisfied with anything I do, I never think it good enough. Sometimes when I listen to a record I don't get bothered but I don't get ecstatic either—I hate it when I hear the mistakes. When photographers, people in the street, rush after me, I always think they are going to hit me or something, people coming after me. . . . I'm depressed now because I'm ill; that colours everything I say but what I've just said about success I mean."

"Hand lotion?" she suddenly yells. "Like you know—hand *cre-eeam*." Everyone rushes with hand cream. Alexandre, looking like the demon lover and acting like Bambi, does her hair, gives her yards of tresses. She looks marvellous with long hair and knows it. He makes her a present of the hairpiece. ("Fringe benefits," warbles Avedon.) And suddenly the stomachache has gone. "C'est uncreedable," she squeals. "One of those things I've always wanted and never had. Can I wear it in the street? Yeah, and then personne ne me will recognize." Alexandre guesses

she is pleased and sparkles when she tells him she'll bring him her new disc tomorrow.

All her luggage is labelled BSG and suddenly the G part arrives, Elliot Gould, her husband, bundled into a trench coat and bearing a gift of baked potatoes. Baked potatoes? In Paris? She falls on them with a spoon. A moment later she is holding her stomach and muttering.

But even though she is ill, and even though just before the camera clicks she has been agonizing, when it *does* click she looks glowing, dazzling, perfect. And even though she's sick she still can laugh. When she laughs she keeps a cool face. Only when she's smiling does her mouth widen, showing perfect teeth. But it's her living-dying laugh people like most to inspire. Her voice, when she's talking, doesn't promise all she can do with that voice when she's singing.

It's the only thing which doesn't promise; one has only to look at her—and one must look—to realize that hers is that imponderable, enviable quality which has been analyzed so often and which still defies analysis—that quality that lights up a room, a stage, or a continent. She's got it, has Barbra.

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## Mellon Paintings

(Continued from page 94)

painted their colour accents with the enthusiasm of a convert to Impressionism. But it was not enough for him to record a momentary impression, as it would have been for Monet or Pissarro. By introducing a beggar on his crutch in the sun-drenched street, Manet creates an atmosphere of isolation. This feeling of loneliness becomes a recurrent theme in modern painting and sculpture—evident in the work of artists as different as Andrew Wyeth and George Segal. For example, Edward Hopper's urban scenes are modern counterparts of "Rue Mosnier." Although unlike in technique, Manet and Hopper have responded with similar feelings to the lonely sadness of cities.

However, Impressionists rarely convey mood; their more usual objective, dispassionate view of the world is apparent in Pissarro's 1891 "Hampton Court

Green." Following the lead of Seurat, Pissarro decided, as he expressed it, "to seek a modern synthesis . . . to substitute optical mixture for the mixture of pigment, which means to decompose tones into their constituent elements." This analysis of colour, based on the experiments of Chevreul, Maxwell, and Rude, is similar to the scientific approach of those modern artists loosely known as Optical painters. Pissarro, however, was trying to record a perceived scene; whereas such artists as Albers, Vasarely, Poons, and others are involved in the study of colour, tone, line, and shape as these impinge on the optical nerve—without regard to the representation of nature, the accepted basis of Impressionism and neo-Impressionism. But the record of an actual scene has advantages. Pissarro's surprising depiction of a cricket match has an evocative quality and a charm one misses in paintings limited to squares, circles, and hexagons.

Pissarro explored objective perception; the Douanier Rousseau, subconscious illusion. His "Tropical Landscape—An American Indian Struggling with an Ape," painted in 1910, the last year of his life, is a dream picture. To him such scenes were so real that, while painting them, he would often rush in fright to open the studio window. He is the archetype of all modern, self-taught painters, and he is also a precursor of Surrealism.

These three pictures show how deeply the roots of contemporary painting are planted in the work of French artists of the last hundred years. Since World War II the centre of artistic gravity has shifted from the School of Paris to the School of New York, but the flowering of American painting would not have taken place had it not been for the opportunity artists in this country have had to see the best work of the great masters of Impressionism, neo-Impressionism, and post-Impressionism.



# In Paris: Givenchy for starters

*She's  
mad for  
Theatre in the round,  
A swinging sound,  
&  
HOWARD WOLF*



First flash from Givenchy: the accessories  
he likes with this spring's clothes—  
amusing, modern, to the point.

Visiting-nurse shoes—Givenchy's name for his  
white lizard Oxfords, above—laced high with  
navy-blue soles, square toes, low heels.

Givenchy's textured knee socks, navy-blue  
honeycombed net. Shoes by Mancini for Givenchy.



Givenchy-shape of handbag—an envelope with  
rounded plastic handle. Above, in scaly anteater of  
brown and beige with white handle; left, in white  
calfskin with shiny black handle. Both by Le  
Marchand for Givenchy.



Clear plastic boots, right, attached to low slippers  
of black patent leather; square toes, flat heels.  
Showing through—honeycomb net stockings. Boots  
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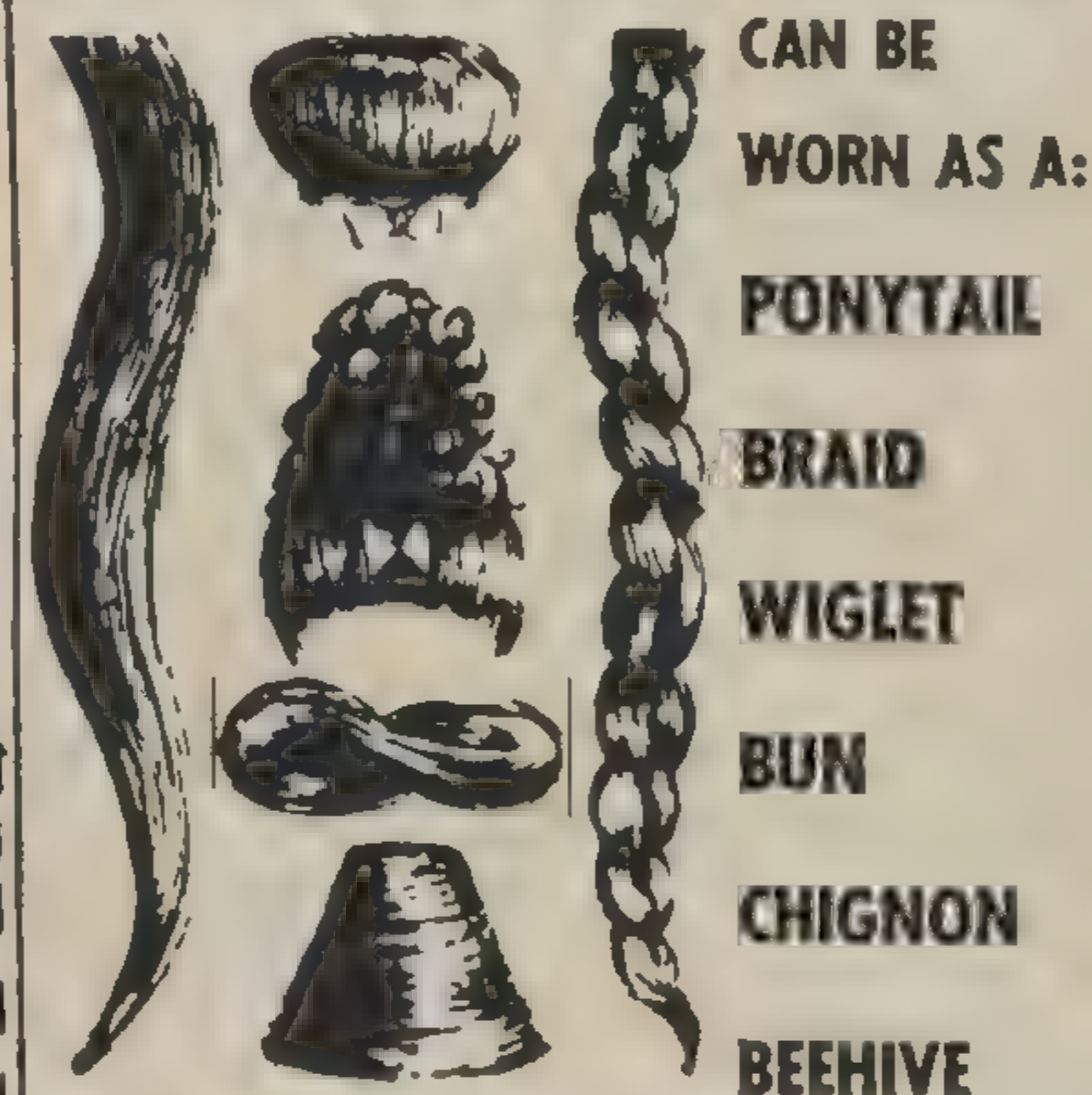
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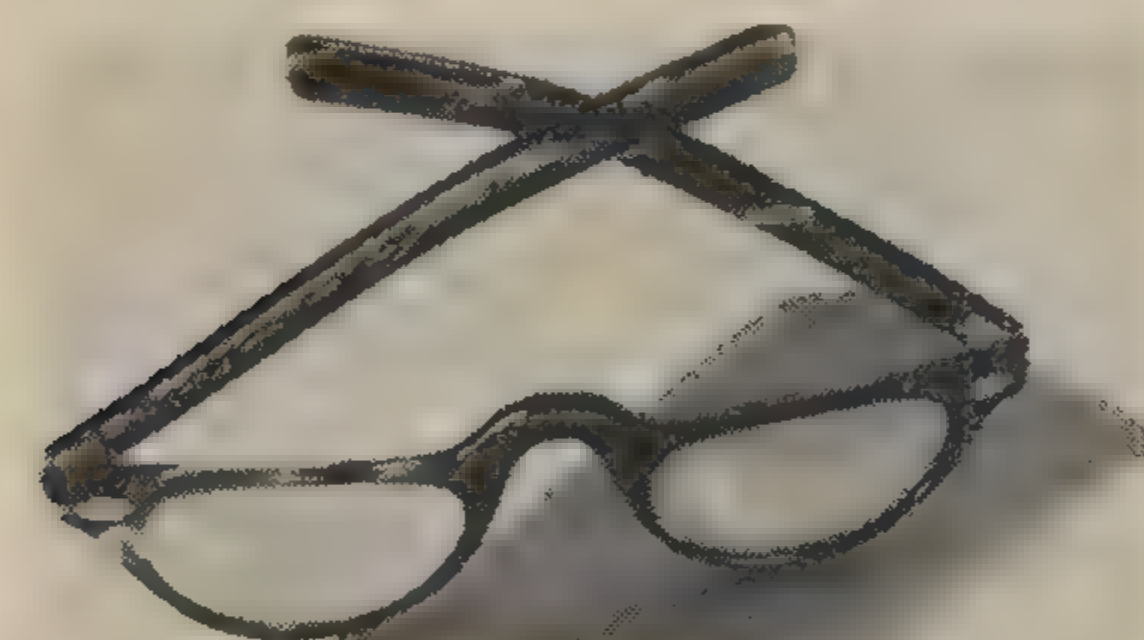
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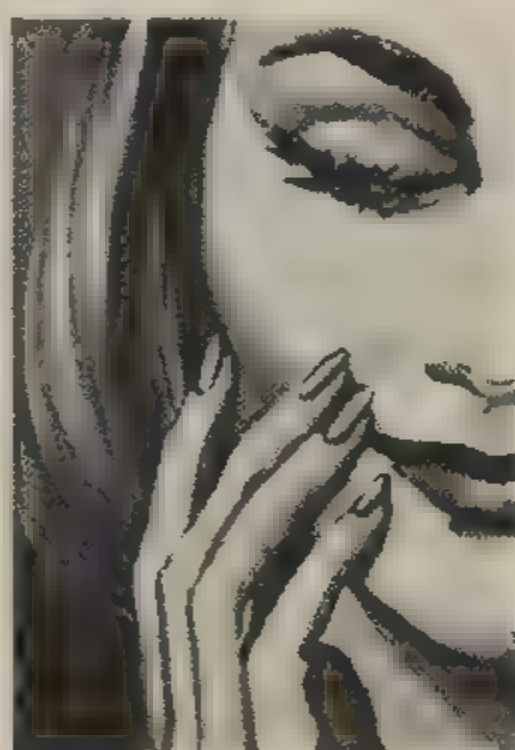
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# VOGUE'S

### The wonderful world of the bathing room



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*Left:* Read to music, manicure to the news with a transistor radio and high intensity lamp combo by Westinghouse. The ivory plastic case a handy 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Model 970X, about \$29.95 at Macy's, Herald Square, N. Y. 10001. Soap-and-water-fresh: Natural Hong Kong wicker has an affinity for the bath. Here, a Wraparound chair, \$37, and come-apart tables to keep towels, books, phone, pad, pencils at hand, \$18 each. Vreeland Trading, 332 East 28th Street, N. Y. 10016.

Mrs. Wyatt Cooper's bathing room: As pretty and imaginative as it is personal, Mrs. Cooper's bath places a mahogany enclosed tub with marble top in front of a marble-floored shower stall. As divider, a pewter étagère holding a personal collection of tiny pictures, shells, porcelains. The shower curtain is of the same pale mauve-and-white printed linen that covers the rod and the walls, plus a white tambour curtain like those at the windows. A basket of books atop a miniature chest stands by the tub.

News hues in blues: Bright navy handwoven Korean palm leaf hamper, \$12.95; wastebasket, \$5.50. Pale-blue opaline tumbler-vase, \$3.50; stoppered bottle, \$11.50. From matched sets; also in other colours, at Marion Weider, 969 Third Avenue, N. Y. 10022. New French bath towel, blue/yellow on white, \$11.25. Les Pom-poms, #5406, Porthault, 55 East 57th St., N. Y. 10022.

Blue-and-white tiles reflected: 7' x 7' x 10' is made spacious by a mirrored ceiling, blue-and-white Portuguese tiles wrapping walls and glass-enclosed tub, black-and-white marble floor. A tile-picture frieze, fluted mahogany-enclosed basin are more news from the designers, Denning & Fourcade. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tiles, bouquets, \$4.88 sq. ft.; tulip and border tiles, \$3.04 sq. ft. Country Floors, 214 East 26th St., N. Y. 10010.

Mexican splash-down: Elon Imports' Marguerite, blue-and-white pottery bowl, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ " diam., \$130. 4" x 4" tiles, plain, \$4 sq. ft.; decorated, \$5 sq. ft. (9 tiles to a sq. ft.). 1428 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10028. Pewter-like brushed chrome "Melon" fixtures, \$150. Sherle Wagner, 123 East 57th St., N. Y. 10022.

Luxuries for the bath: Puiforcat French vermeil beaker, \$210; Cartier, 653 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10022. Ivory and badger brush, \$42; bone and badger brush, \$25; tortoise comb, \$15. Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017.

### Mexican splash-down



### Luxuries for the bath



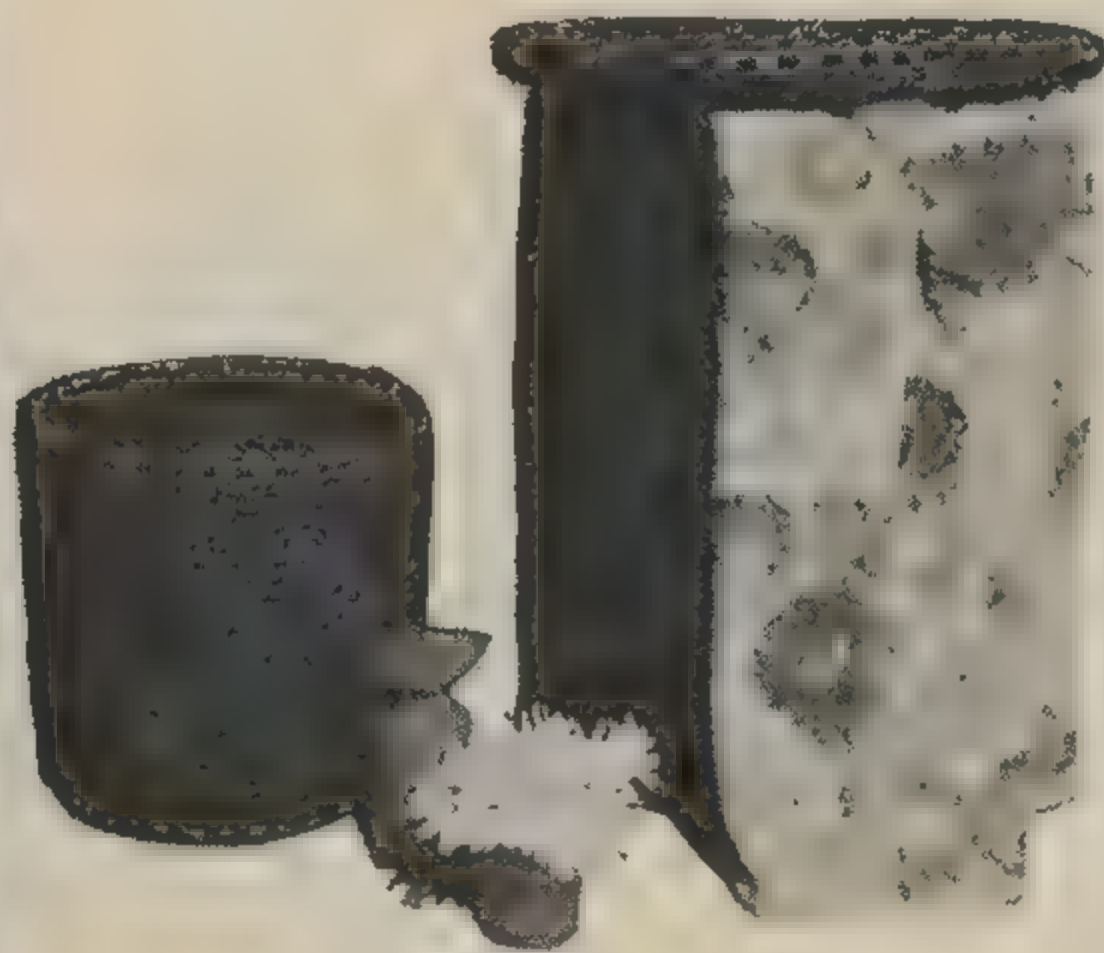
# SHOP HOUND



**Wicker—soap-and-water  
fresh**



**Mrs. Wyatt Cooper's  
bathing room**



**News hues in blues**



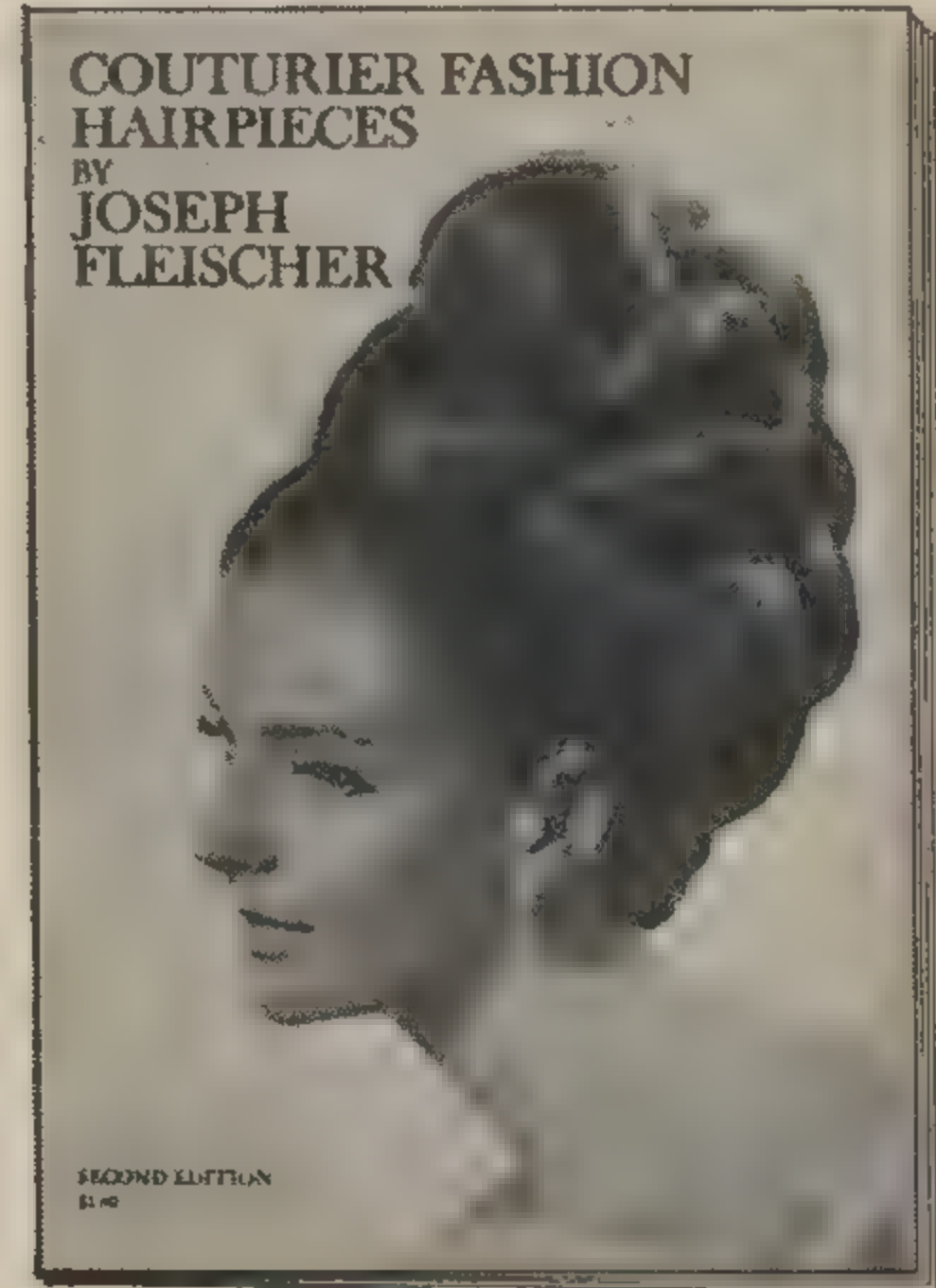
**Blue-and-white tiles  
reflected**



MAURICE HÖGENBOOM

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## "Young and You're Nervous"

(Continued from page 125)

lovely young Daisy," he said, pulling down the shade, and when that had tumbled to the floor, turning out the light in gentle deference to her youth.

\* \* \*

It was still night when she tiptoed back down the stairs again, though dawn was breaking. She had never seen anything so beautiful as the grey and silver seeping beneath her doorsill or the tender looming shapes of her furniture as she glided inside. She sat down on her bed and quietly extracted a garter belt and stockings from her coat pocket, reeling and drunk with happiness, and also feeling slightly ridiculous to have put on all her clothes for one flight. But stealth was necessary, wasn't it, in a small town such as this where people pressed eyes to keyholes and peered furtively around doorways? Actually, as far as she knew, the only other apartment belonged to an elderly professor of music and his wife who retired early. But George had pointed out that it was none of their business, either. No, and besides, he could not ask her to spend the night with him. He had only that one single daybed, and also, as he had explained kissing her goodnight, there was always the possibility he might be contagious. Oh, what a shame. How lovely it would have been to lie naked side by side, talking the night away, while their cigarette ends glowed red in the darkness. But George had stopped smoking. Another pity, she giggled to herself, more's the pity she's a . . .

With a small hiccup, she turned over the volume of his *Selected Poems* which George had given her ("To Daisy, best from George"), and sobered suddenly, remembering all the poems he had read to her tonight and the heartbreaking life story that went with them; how he had been so menaced by the Philistines at such an early age, he was still haunted by the fear that they would get him: first by his mother—it did not take a trained psychiatrist to figure that out,

though poor George had been to one of those, too—who had kept hauling him out of his room in their Chicago tenement where he was reading his library books as she wept to heaven that he was ruining his health; and then, after her, that long line of ladies who worried terribly every time George read, or later wrote, the last of them his wife, a girl he had found literally camped on his doorstep one evening in Greenwich Village ("I hardly even knew her," he insisted. "She had bangs. I saw her once or twice necking at parties"), crying her eyes out, because he was always too busy to answer the phone. The rest was now bitter history. Like a fool, George decided to meet the menace head-on, and a year later found himself wheeling a baby carriage through Central Park on the maid's day off. To make matters worse, the name of that baby—as George had revealed only an hour or two before with a terrible wrenching shudder—was Gary. Gary. Oh, what couldn't you feel for a man who told you a thing like that?

She flew to the open window, leaning out to touch the soft silent air with her face. Below, in that grove where she had once stood crying for other reasons, a quiet grey fog was seeping across the grass, rising to muffle the shapes of the foliage. A tier of ragged branches cut like a silhouette against the lightening sky. Was this a hemlock, perhaps? And beyond that, gnarled and split almost in half, a cherry tree whose white blossoms would drip to the ground in the spring? Her eye grew keener. She saw a slender pear, a tangled thicket of forsythia, masses of chrysanthemums, daffodils and roses, lilacs in profusion and all out of season. Oh, Daisy, Daisy, it's love that makes the world go round, and all of it is yours. So that she went on making up her own names for everything until, as the sky turned from pink to purple, her lilacs really did seem to be blooming.

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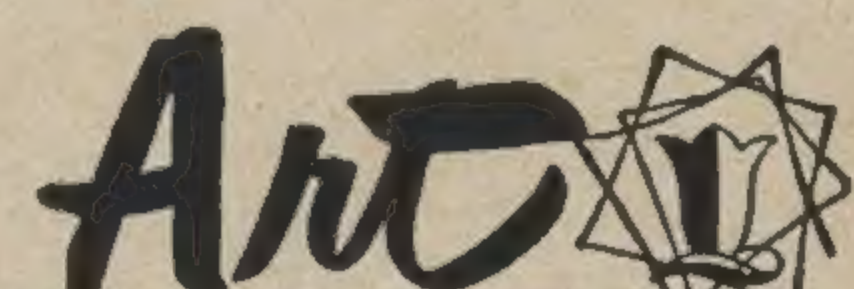
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